VOL. CCXV, No. 2805

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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 14, 1953
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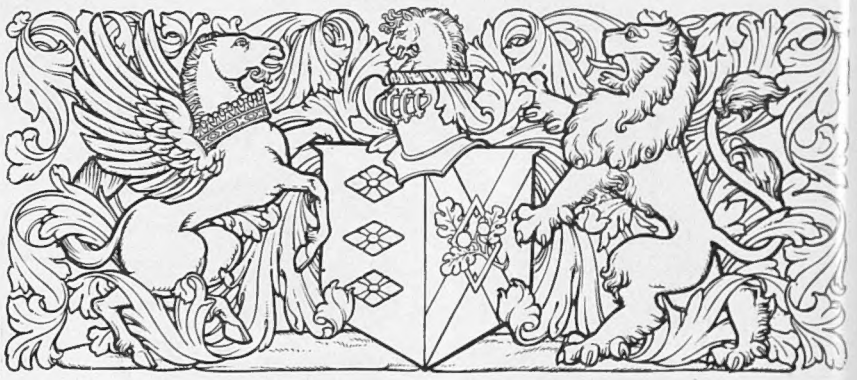

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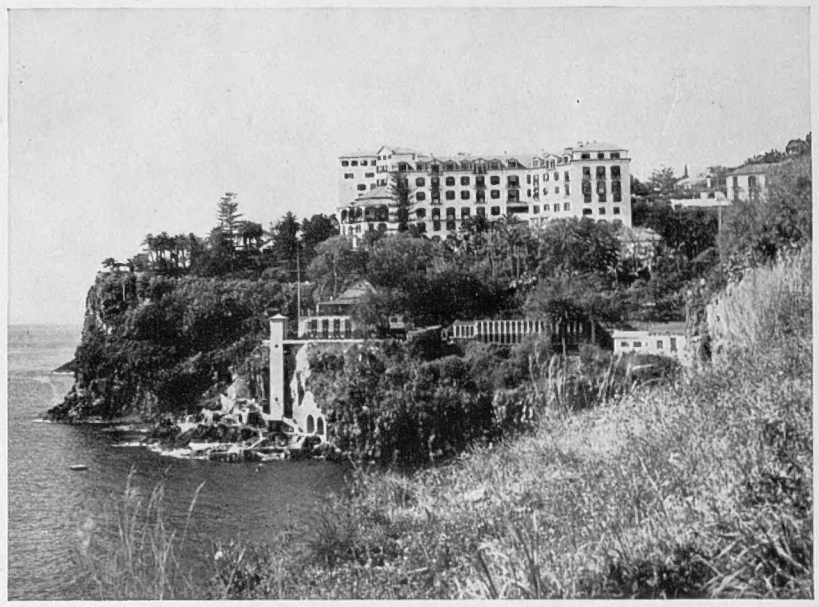

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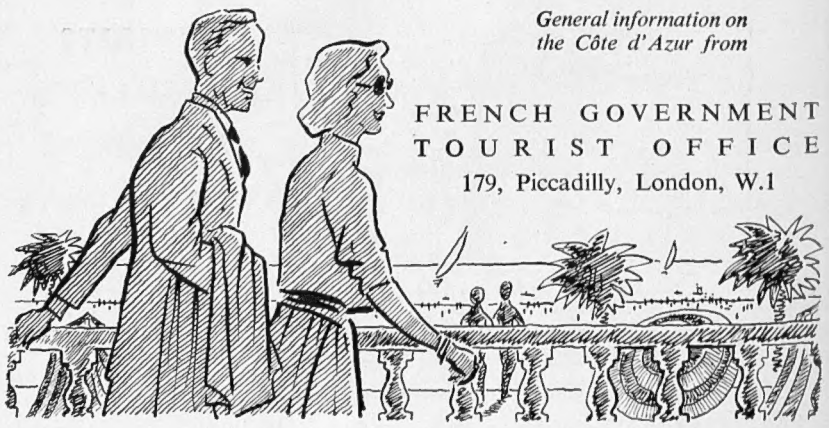

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Volume CCXV No. 2805

The SPHERE, London, November 14, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY AT THE CENOTAPH—THE QUEEN LAYS A WREATH OF FLANDERS POPPIES AND LAUREL AFTER THE TWO MINUTES' SILENCE: After the Queen had paid her tribute and stood for a few moments in meditation, she was followed to the Cenotaph by the Dukes of Edinburgh and Gloucester. Then came the turn of the Ministers; Mr. Eden, who is seen in the foreground on the left, laying a wreath on behalf of the Cabinet, Mr. Lyttelton representing the Colonies, and High Commissioners and their representatives paying tribute from the Commonwealth. After the wreath-laying came the customary short service.

Last Saturday night the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, attended the British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall, and on Sunday Her Majesty led the nation in homage to the fallen of two World Wars, once again going to the Cenotaph to lay her wreath of laurel and Flanders poppies on the great memorial. It was possible that the crowds in Whitehall were not as great as in former years, but the ceremony at the Cenotaph was as deeply moving as ever. As eleven o'clock was about to strike, the Queen was escorted from the Home Office by Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary. She had scarcely taken up her position when the chimes of Big Ben rang out and silence descended upon the area round the memorial. After the Queen and the Royal Dukes had laid their wreaths, the bands of the Guards led the company in singing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past." (Further pictures will be found on page 255.)

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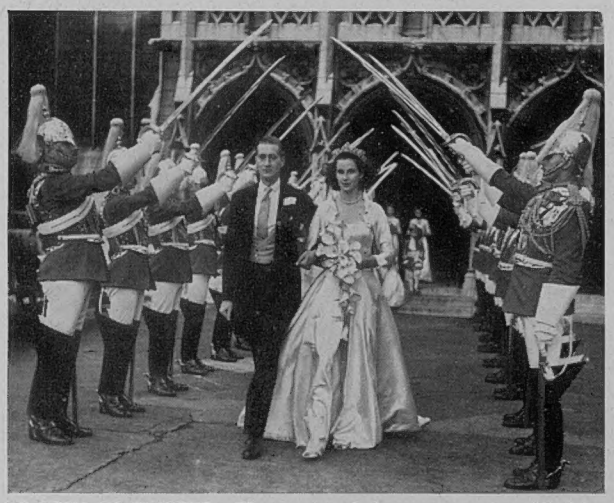
A NOVEMBER WEDDING IN LONDON

VISCOUNT GALWAY AND HIS BRIDE, THE FORMER HON. TERESA FOX-STRANGWAYS, LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER, AFTER THE SOLEMNISATION OF THEIR MARRIAGE : The bride is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Stavordale, of Evershot, Dorchester, and granddaughter of Lady Ilchester. Attended by three pages and four child-bridesmaids and given away by her father, she wore a gown of white satin with a lace-embroidered train, and a lace-embroidered tulle veil held in place by a tiara. The pages were dressed in replica dress uniforms of the Life Guards of the eighteenth century and the bridesmaids in white brocade dresses copied from the wedding dress worn by the first Lady Ilchester. Officiating at the wedding were Canon Charles Smyth and the Rev. A. G. Birch. Viscount Galway succeeded to the title in 1943.



AN ARCH OF SWORDS : The guard of honour was provided by Life Guards, with whom Lord Galway serves as a Lieutenant.

SOME OF THE YOUNG ATTENDANTS : The pages were the Hon. David Ward, Hugh Fetherstonhaugh and David Henderson ; and the bridesmaids the Hon. Frances Guest, Arabella Churchill (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Churchill), third from right ; Martha Laycock and Caroline Digby. The best man was the Marquess of Blandford.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d. ; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3 ; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s. ; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Another Republic.—As expected, Pakistan has plumped for a Republic. But whether this evolution will go through as swiftly and as easily as in the case of India is yet uncertain. The phrasing of the title itself suggests a doubt. In the "Islamic Republic of Pakistan," the accent is on *Islamic*. The Hindu minority read danger in the word to its own religious liberties and civil rights. It considers that it implies an inferior status for non-Muslims, and, indeed, these suspicions will die hard, however strongly denied. Moreover, India was in little doubt that her Republic should continue within the Commonwealth ; in Pakistan this agreement is by no means so general. These two points mean that the implementation of the new Republic may be a more elaborate and lengthy process than in the case of India, and may well arouse more bitter passions and difficulties for its sponsors. The other members of the Commonwealth have to be consulted. This may be done through normal channels, of course. In India's case the Commonwealth representatives were in session and dealt with that matter swiftly. India renounced allegiance to the Crown, but not to the Head (and the Charter) of the Commonwealth. Pakistan will obviously renounce the first and must accept the second, if she remain in the Commonwealth.

Third Session.—With superb dignity and grace, in a ceremony which has surely reached the apex of perfection, the Queen opened the third Session of this Parliament. The sun shone outside ; colour glowed inside the Chamber. Cheerfulness was in the air. After all, even the most bitter opponents of the present Government have to admit "on their own confession" that in one particular at least it has achieved the impossible. "300,000 houses in a year"—"moonshine, utterly impossible, an election lie." In the outline in the Speech of the legislative programme for the Session, the Commonwealth tour held pride of place, and the terms of Government plans to unpeg rents to enable landlords to cope with dilapidations roused more interest than foreign relations. But perhaps the most interesting item was a surprise—the Premier is fond of springing surprises, and, at any rate until last week, when the "University seats" promise was broken, very few outside the Cabinet can have dreamed that the hoary old question of Lords reform would find a place for Parliamentary wrangling in 1954, in a Session loaded with heavy and controversial legislation. It may be nothing will come of it, but I hope it may, because I believe that Second Chamber government of a kind to satisfy reasonable men and safeguard our liberties does indeed depend on this Government's ability to do the job in this Parliament. If it can't, the institution will either die of old age or the Upper House will be mauled to death by the next Labour Government. In the first hours of the debate on the Address, the Premier rose to great heights of oratory, conciliation, statesmanship and endurance.

University Seats.—The decision not to honour the Tory pledge to restore University seats raised a good deal of controversy pro and con. I should be sorry to see University representation made, like steel and transport, a matter of scrambling and unscrambling by Governments of opposite colour. The need for more independence of thought in Parliament may be exaggerated ; the argument for more calm thinking, courage, logic and culture is soundly based, though I cannot say that all University members in the past have been ideal members on all or any of these counts. I cannot see the impracticability of alternative voting, the right to choose to vote in your university or your constituency. The notion to-day that there is class prejudice in University representation strikes me as ridiculous. Can any fairminded man describe even Oxford or Cambridge as Tory strongholds, or the preserve of the "idle rich"? One might as fairly call Oxford the nursery of Socialism and the senior schoolroom of Labour. The Premier's dishonouring of the pledge was, at first, surprising. We knew it was not due to moral cowardice, we were sure it was not due to party-political expediency. We presumed that he accepts as convincing certain administrative difficulties which we cannot comprehend. Now we think we know the reason. Room may be found for University culture and independence in another place.

Maintenance.—The small house-owner raises his head and takes note that a Committee of Inquiry has commented sympathetically on his difficulties in the way of maintenance. It finds that for every £100 an owner spent in 1939 in keeping his house in good repair, he now spends £316—if he can and may. Labour costs have risen three-and-a-half times ; materials, two-and-a-half. This estimate takes no note of increasing age in buildings and the greater demand for repair (rotting slats, twisted window frames and so on), nor for the demands of local health authorities. Nor of war damage and neglect, obliquely incurred. One other thing it takes no note of—the decline in quality of materials ; the leadless paints, the green timber. Where external painting was normally

URGENT REPAIRS AT THE "CORONATION CHURCH"

A PINNACLE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY IS PUT IN "SPLINTS" TO PREVENT A POSSIBLE FALL OF STONE : The operation involved the raising of two extensive ladders to the top of the pinnacle and the securing of substantial timber round the stonework to prevent the fall of loose masonry caused by a fracture near the summit. At the foot of the picture can be seen the Garden of Remembrance which was set out in the Abbey's precincts for last week's commemoration of the fallen of two World Wars. In the centre of the picture is the tower of St. Margaret's, and beyond that Big Ben. The Abbey appeal for £1,000,000 is due to close soon, and in order to foster a renewed response the Prime Minister is sending a message to the world-wide "Save the Abbey Week" which opens to-morrow, Sunday. At the time of writing, the Dean still requires a further £570,000 to reach his target. It is hoped that this coming week will do much to reduce that figure.

done every five years, it is now customarily done every ten years. True : and the new paint demands repainting every *two* years if the wood is not to rot and the metal rust away. *The Cost of House Maintenance* costs 9d. from the Stationery Office. It is worth reading. I should like to send a free copy to the Cabinet to read. There are signs that it is reading it.

Morals—An Indictment of Government.—The headmaster of Ardingley put it in a nutshell in *The Times*. If Ministers' spoken words mean anything, they truly believe that the standard of morals and integrity in the nation are deplorable and must be improved. A schoolmaster knows and "every schoolboy" of any age must know or remember exactly how compelling have been the assaults on his resistance of pornographic literature when it has come to his hands. Yet since the war pornography in novels, magazines and the dirty Press never before enjoyed so profitable a heyday, so unchecked

an advance, so universal a distribution. If powers existed to check it, why did not successive Governments use them? If they do not exist, why has not Parliament drafted and passed them? Words, words . . . and when the damage is almost irreparable, a tardy hint that some day something might be done; a resolution put on the files, a pious aspiration recorded! But can any jury of decent, ordinary men acquit the appropriate Ministers of recent Governments and Parliament—let alone the Press Council within its lesser scope—of criminal negligence during many vital years? I cannot think of a more certain verdict of "Guilty" without any excuse or redeeming feature.

The Abbey Mystery.—There is nothing like a mystery for reawakening public interest in any matter which the public take for granted and therefore usually ignore. The shrewd publicity adviser might well encourage the Dean—who has the Abbey Appeal so much at heart—to keep his Abbey mysteries mysterious. Has the Stone been moved or not? Whose is the newly-discovered 500-year-old tomb? The unknown Abbot's or Bishop's grave? And the Dean very wisely "acts according." He is vague about the Stone. He asks for hush-hush about the new tomb. For my part I think there is another and a bigger mystery concerning the Abbey—the miserable public response to the appeal for its preservation. The shillings trickle in—no more. This second appeal has produced £9,000 out of £500,000 still required. And *that* in Coronation Year and after two full-dress appeals from all the bigwigs in every walk of life.

The Masquerade.—The comedians have been quick to grasp the opportunity offered by smog-mask proposals and disputes. I was instantly reminded that there is no new thing under the sun when I recalled Gwen Raverat's delightful sketch of an elderly Victorian relative wearing her nosebag, good against infection from the common cold. A partial remedy, no doubt. London's "Particular" was an old enemy centuries ago, and has laughed at planners and reformers. And to-day, superimposed petrol fumes and carbon dioxide in newer and virulent forms make that laugh triumphant. The partial remedy is a proof of man's impotence in the face of natural forces and industrial demands and can at least be approved as a laughter-maker. The conventional must invent new modes of polite address and social introductions, and the thieves love it when the masquerade is on. There may come into being a new profession in big cities, the modern link-man, a courier-interpreter, master of the ceremonies, a walking *Who's Who*. "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?" "No, Sir. It is not the First Lord, it is your Uncle George."

VIVIEN LEIGH'S RETURN TO LONDON

THE STAR OF "THE SLEEPING PRINCE" RECEIVES A GREAT OVATION AT THE PHOENIX: Miss Leigh is seen leaving the theatre after the first night of Terence Rattigan's new play in which she co-stars with Sir Laurence Olivier. The production marked the return of Vivien Leigh to the London stage after her illness.

The Rain Came.—As I prophesied in July—and who couldn't be a wise prophet then?—the second half of the year would be wettish. The first six months of 1953 gave us only 11½ ins. of rain instead of the average 17 ins. But despite the statisticians' talk about the driest October for years, all the months since June have done pretty well to repair the deficiency, in West Sussex at any rate, and October did its bit with 3.20 ins. November certainly started well with 2 ins. continuous fall round November 1 (4 ins. since October 25). But even now, my prophecy is dampish. To reach our annual average, we must collect 9 ins. more before December ends. I hope I shall be ungummed and debunked as a weather prophet, if only because my house meets the full force of a "Lynmouth torrent" during heavy rain, and one day it will carry me with it into our combe, with my files and reference books, library and effects. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

71,000-million BRICKS A YEAR

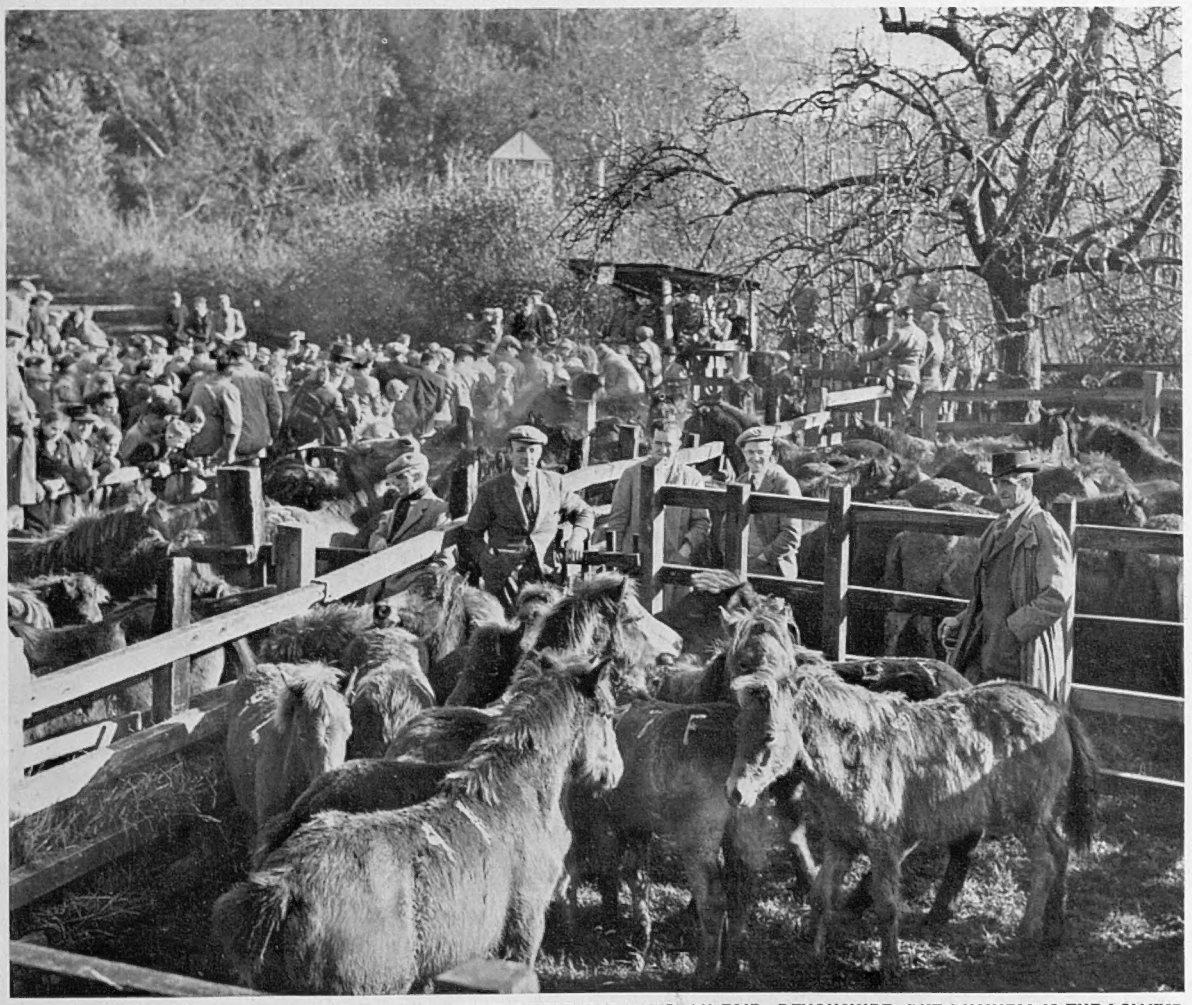
Britain's Hard-Pressed Industry

By JOHN MAY

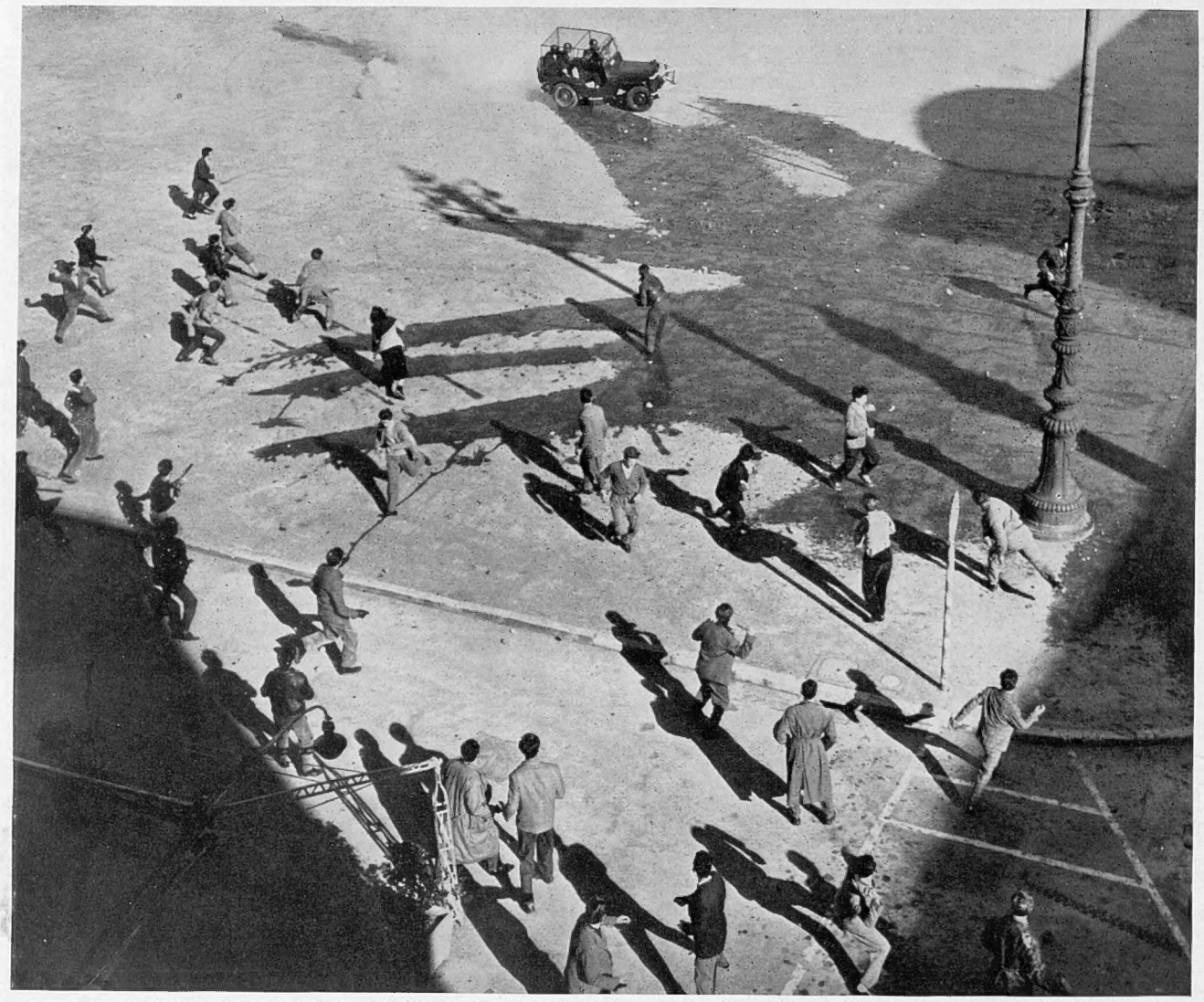
TÊTE-A-TÊTE AT THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER

A THOUGHTFUL CONVERSATION OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF LORDS AFTER THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, emphasizes a point during a conversation with Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, the novelist, and Lady Newall as they leave after attending the State opening of the third session of the present Parliament. For this year's ceremony in the House of Lords the Queen wore the Imperial State Crown as she went in procession from the Robing Room to the Throne. She was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and attended by the Great Officers of State. Just before the procession entered the Peers' Chamber the lights were dimmed and then raised to their full brilliance as the Queen, resplendent in her gown of white lace over stiff white satin and embroidered in gold and silver threads, walked to the Throne. Within a matter of minutes the Queen's Speech was read and the Royal procession was on its way back to the Robing Room. One point from the Speech which has since caused much discussion both inside and outside the Commons is the Government plan to permit landlords to add a "repairs increase" to controlled rents.

A DISAPPOINTING SALE OF EXMOOR PONIES



CROWDS GATHER ROUND THE PONIES' PENS AT THE 700-YEAR-OLD BAMPTON FAIR, DEVONSHIRE, BUT BUSINESS IS THE LOWEST EVER: Fewer than 300 ponies were sold at the Fair, the largest number sold to a single buyer, totalling twenty-four in all, being destined for pit work. Most of the other ponies sold to buyers will become children's pets or find their way to riding schools. Two factors responsible for this year's decline in the number of ponies are that farmers now find that ponies are no longer economical for their needs and that this year's round-up on the moors produced fewer younger ones. On the other hand, the number of sheep entered in the Fair has increased, this year the entry being almost double that of last year. Bampton Fair takes place on the last Thursday in October, and buying and selling of ponies and sheep is carried on all day in the streets.



RIOTERS HURL STONES AT THE POLICE IN TRIESTE'S MAIN SQUARE: A police jeep arrives on the scene at the Piazza dell' Unita during the Trieste riots. The rioters can be seen hurling stones at the police, who were under the control of the British commandant, General Winterton. During the rioting, which lasted two days, six civilians were killed when police opened fire.

THE RIOTS IN TRIESTE

Scenes in the Free Territory Durin the Disturbances, and in Rome Durin anti-British Demonstrations

Two days of rioting in Trieste, followed virulent anti-British outbursts in Rome a in other Italian cities, have not only impaired Angl Italian relations, but have made a peaceful settl ment of the Trieste problem infinitely more difficu

When the British commander in Trieste General Winterton, ordered an Italian flag on t City Hall to be hauled down, gangs of thugs, l by neo-Fascists, began anti-police and anti-Britis rioting into which many of the local populatio were inevitably dragged. It is significant that a few days earlier some 2,700 people from outsid Trieste had chartered buses to try and gain admi tance into the Free Territory. When the rio seemed to be getting out of hand, the police opened fire and six people were killed. British troops were called out, and they, too, receive the hostile attentions of the mob.

The immediate reaction to the riots was violent outburst against General Winterton an Britain in the Italian Press, followed by anti-British demonstrations in Rome. Clashes betwee students and Italian police were in some place serious, and tear gas had to be used. Though h appealed for calm, Signor Pella, the Italian Prim Minister, endorsed the popular view that th British commander in Trieste was to blame fo the deaths in what he claimed were only "studen demonstrations." Ever since Signor Pella suc ceeded Signor de Gasperi in office in August hi position has been far from secure. While h attitude to the riots is therefore understandable it is difficult to see what advantage Italy can gain in the long run, since it is agreed among the Western Powers that only peaceful negotiation between the and Italy and Yugoslavia can provide a tolerable solution to the problem of the Free Territor

THE MAYOR IS FORCED TO PUT THE ITALIAN FLAG AT HALF-MAST ON THE TOWN HALL: Demonstrators shouting for the flag to be hoisted at half-mast outside the City Hall in Trieste as a sign of mourning for the six people killed in the rioting. The British commander's ban on the hoisting of the Italian flag was made the immediate cause of the rioting.

PRO-YUGOSLAV PARTY HEADQUARTERS COME IN FOR ROUGH TREATMENT: Italian rioters attacking the building belonging to the Independent Party which favours the Yugoslav cause in Trieste. The wrecked furniture was brought outside into the street and was quickly burned in a huge bonfire.

A LONE POLICE JEEP UNDER A HAIL OF STONES: Rioters attack a jeep manned by Trieste police. In the street behind, police reinforcements, together with a water truck, make their way to the scene of the disturbances.

A LARGE CROWD WATCHES A JEEP BURNING : Most of these Trieste citizens stand about quietly as an overturned police jeep burns in the streets. A number of innocent spectators were among those killed and injured when the police had to open fire.

ROME GIVES VENT TO ANTI-BRITISH FEELING : Students, carrying banners and shouting slogans, march through the streets towards the British Consulate, where police only just restrained them from causing heavy damage to property.

VICIOUS SCUFFLES BETWEEN DEMONSTRATORS AND POLICE IN ROME : Tear gas is used by police to disperse demonstrators outside the American Embassy in Rome. Most of the demonstrations were, however, distinctly anti-British. Besides protesting against the police action in Trieste, the demonstrators demanded the immediate handing-over of the Free Territory to Italy. *On left*—Policemen, with truncheons drawn, prepare to deal with demonstrators, while others hold their heads after being struck by a barrage of hostile stones.

THE DRAMATIC SCENE IN TRIESTE AS THE POLICE OPEN FIRE : People scatter swiftly as the first bullets are fired by Trieste police to stop the rioters. On the left two people who have been hit lie near a doorway. Round the corner, on the right, attention is being given to another injured person. Though a number of innocent bystanders were killed or wounded, even the Italian Press admits that one of the victims was a boy who was lying on the ground firing continuously at police with a carbine.

A RAINY DAY FOR LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR

The Procession On Its Way to the Law Courts, Where Sir Noel Bowater Made the Declaration of Office

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW IN THE RAIN: The new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Noel Vansittart Bowater (with tricorn hat raised), walks to his gilded state coach at the Mansion House in order to join the procession for the traditional drive to the Law Courts, in the Strand. There he made the statutory declaration of office and then laid claim to the City's ancient rights and privileges.

A HALT NEAR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL DURING THE CURTAILED DRIVE THROUGH THE CITY: This picture was taken as the new Lord Mayor leaned out of his coach to receive an address from his Ward of Castle Baynard. Before leaving the Mansion House, Sir Noel took the salute as the procession of about 2,500 men and women of the Armed Forces, together with detachments of the Home Guard, Civil Defence, British Legion and other units, marched past en route from Guildhall. Like the 1952 procession, this year's Show contained no central feature or pageant and it passed any given point in about twenty minutes. The route was also curtailed, this year the procession returning from the Strand to the Embankment by way of Norfolk Street. Despite almost continuous rain, large crowds gathered.

THE CITY OF LONDON GREETS ITS NEW LORD MAYOR: A general view of the scene as the Lord Mayor's coach prepared to leave the Mansion House to take its part in the procession. Owing to the rain, most of the colourful uniforms were protected by capes and coats. The bands accompanying the essentially military procession played the traditional marches of the Commonwealth. On the evening of the Show the Lord Mayor gave his customary banquet at Guildhall.

THE QUEEN LEADS THE NATION IN HOMAGE

The Royal Family Attend the Remembrance Sunday Service at the Cenotaph

THE QUEEN LAYS HER WREATH OF FLANDERS POPPIES AND LAUREL ON THE BASE OF THE CENOTAPH : Her Majesty paying tribute to the dead of two World Wars at last Sunday's memorial service at the Cenotaph. The Queen was dressed in deep black, the only colour being provided by the Flanders poppies which she wore in her lapel. After Her Majesty had laid her wreath she was followed by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester, then by representatives of the Government, of the Commonwealth and the Colonies. A short service was conducted at the Cenotaph by the Bishop of London. Later the veterans paraded past the Cenotaph, being led by Sir Ian Fraser, M.P.

THE QUEEN STANDS IN SILENCE BEFORE THE CENOTAPH, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, A PACE BEHIND HER, AT THE SALUTE : Other members of the Royal family watched the ceremonial from a balcony of the near-by Home Office.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LAYS HIS WREATH : This was the scene as the Duke stepped forward to the monument following the Queen and preceding the Duke of Gloucester. The Bishop of London, who conducted the short service of commemoration, is seen standing just to the left of the monument.

ON THE BALCONY OF THE HOME OFFICE, OVERLOOKING THE CENOTAPH : Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, Princess Margaret, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Marie Louise at the Cenotaph service.

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF PARLIAMENT AT THE CENOTAPH : From right to left are seen Mr. Anthony Eden, who laid a wreath on behalf of the Cabinet, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Clement Davies, Lord Simonds, Mr. W. S. Morrison and Lord Woolton.

THE FIELD MOVES OFF FROM KIRBY GATE : This was the animated scene at the 200th anniversary meet of the Quorn. A high wind made scenting conditions difficult, and as a result the 200th anniversary was celebrated with Reynard getting clean away on all occasions, which was just as it should be on this day of holiday, which brought out a host of foot followers and a great many folk who followed the fortunes of the hunt in cars. For the huntsman, George Barker, this was also a special day, as it marked his twenty-fifth anniversary as huntsman. He has been with the Quorn for thirty-two years.

THE QUORN BICENTENARY

The Famous Leicestershire Hunt Celebrates Two Hundred Years With the Meet at Kirby Gate, Near Melton Mowbray

THE FIELD LEAVING GREAT DALBY HILL : Followers moving off to the next covert during the hunt.

There is no doubt that Mr. Hugo Meynell was the first Master of the Quorn, that most celebrated of shire packs, although Mr. Thomas Boothby of Tooley Park hunted what is said to have been the first pack of foxhounds in England. Last Saturday marked the bicentenary of the opening of Meynell's first season in 1753, when he hunted the Quorn country with hounds that had previously belonged to Boothby, and so Quorn followers came out in force to celebrate. It was not a great day's hunting, but it was a great day for hunting men and women, and the traditional opening meet at Kirby Gate had all the atmosphere of a notable social and sporting occasion. Among other celebrated names in the history of the Quorn are Thomas Assheton Smith and George Osbaldeston. They belonged to an age when the Master of the Quorn had also to be a master of men.

ON THE HARD HIGH ROAD : Hounds moving off to the first covert. *On left*—Mr. Barker, the huntsman, seen with the hounds at the 200th anniversary meet. Barker's record of service is almost equal to that of the great Tom Firr, most celebrated of the Quorn huntsmen.

BRITAIN'S FORESTRY VILLAGES

Wherever the Forestry Commission Plant New Trees, They Provide Also Modern Homes for Their Workers

By
JOHN MAY

On left—

NEW HOMES IN GLENTROOL: This village is being built by the Forestry Commission to house the Commission's workers employed in the Glentrool Forest area and will finally consist of 110 houses, a shop and a school. Forty-seven of the village's houses have so far been completed, and they were officially opened in October by the Earl of Galloway, Lord Lieutenant of Kirkcudbrightshire. The village is eleven miles from Newton Stewart.

GREEN-FINGERED State foresters started twenty-six new forests in Britain in the Forestry Commission's latest recorded year. Their planting of infant trees, tender and no more than knee-high, covered throughout the country some 60,000 acres, with a total count of more than 100,000,000. It was a record, with an unexpected offshoot: in the same period, the Commission built more than 400 houses, most of them in a dozen new forest villages.

In the uninstructed lay mind, building is associated more with the clearing of grown forests rather than the planting of new. But here, in the unpromising barer parts of Britain where it operates, the Commission is unobtrusively demonstrating the reverse theorem that who plants a tree may simultaneously be founding a civilisation.

Our biggest State forest unit is at Kielder, Northumberland, and by chance it provides a dramatic example of this process at work. The tale begins with an entry by Sir Walter Scott in his journal on October 7, 1827. Staying with the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick, he wrote: "The Duke tells me that his people in Keeldar [*sic*] were all quite wild the first time his father went up to shoot there. The women had no other dress than a bedgown and petticoat. The men were savage. They sung a wild tune, danced round, and at a certain part they drew their dirks. . . ."

Some years after this performance of the native Northumbrian war-dance, one of the Dukes built himself a shooting-lodge there. It was a turreted pseudo-castle like the wooden toys round which boys of Sir Winston Churchill's generation grouped their red-coated lead soldiers. Then, after the 1914–18 war had changed the colours of uniforms and tamed wild men (and even dukes!), a young man from Australia walked over the Kielder heathland.

His name was Robinson. He kicked up a bit of turf here and there with the heel of his boot to look at the soil. He studied maps and the slopes of the terrain. Gazing over the bleak heath dotted with its few wandering sheep, he saw not wild men nor romantic castles, but a vision as lovely as the famed Black Forest of Germany. The dream became a fact. He watched the foresters begin planting in Kielder in 1926, in the year of the great strike, and in 1948, when a second war was over, he returned to fell with an axe a slim 25-ft. conifer, the first tree in the forest to be cut.

By then he had become Lord Robinson of Kielder Forest and Adelaide, chairman of the Forestry Commission. When he died in 1952 his ashes were scattered in the forest which owed its existence to his energy and vision. A cairn unveiled a few weeks ago at Whickhope Nick recorded the fact. But the greatest memorial of all was the 30,000 acres of Kielder already planted with trees, the 13,000 yet to be planted, the 25,000 reserved for farms (or too poor for either silviculture or agriculture)—*and* the four-score houses at Kielder forest village where once there was little more than a shepherd's bothy, if that.

"For Kielder and its adjacent forests," a Forestry Commission official said recently, "the proposals are to erect eight forest villages in all. And if everything goes through according to present plans, Lord Robinson's dream could result eventually in perhaps 5,000

(*Continued on following page*)

THE NEW VILLAGE OF AE TO HOUSE THE WORKERS IN THE FOREST OF AE: The forest is a typical example of the work that the Forestry Commission have been doing since 1919 in the Southern Uplands of Scotland, where thirty-one new forests have already been created. It lies in Dumfriesshire, ten miles north of the county town. Ae was the first forest in Scotland to need a completely new village to house its workers.

NEW HOMES AMID THE NORTHUMBRIAN HILLS: These are the first houses in the new forest village of Byrness, now in course of erection in Redesdale Forest, Northumberland. Redesdale is one of the great forests in England's north-east conservancy area, a remote and lovely region, lying close to the Scottish border.

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THE NEW FOREST VILLAGE OF DALAVICH, ON THE BANKS OF LOCH AWE, ARGYLLSHIRE: In forming new communities such as this, the Forestry Commission have to consid many problems, such as the provision of new access roads, a water supply and facilities for the disposal of sewage and refuse. Often the forest villages are bui in conjunction with local authorities, and are extensions to existing communities. Sometimes only a completely new community can meet the needs of the Commissio

BRITAIN'S FORESTRY VILLAGES

(*Continued from previous page*)

souls being settled here in the Upper Tyne Valley." The newest of the houses at Kielder meantime cluster bright and clean like a crop of young mushrooms in an autumn meadow. And not far off, the imitation castle has become partly Forestry Commission offices, partly a social club for the workers—some of them possibly the descendants of the wild women and savage men who so impressed Sir Walter Scott.

Kielder is merely one instance of the solution of a problem which was bound to arise again and again as the Commission forged steadily ahead with its scheme to form 2,500,000 acres of new State forests over a period of fifty years. In the sparsely-populated areas of Scotland, Wales and England, where already 450 new forests have been planted since 1919, there was virtually nowhere for foresters to live. Even in East Anglia, where the Thetford Chase forest now covers more than seventy square miles, the village of Santon Downham was little more than a hamlet and a church.

The revival of this ancient settlement (the church has Norman stonework dating from the eleventh century) was one of the Commission's first attempts at community planning. When Santon Downham Hall, centre of what had been a great sporting estate, was demolished, six cottages attached to it became free for forest workers. Sixteen more were added by converting sturdily-constructed outbuildings, stables and coach-houses. Then a shop was opened, and the workers organised a meeting hall and sports club, with tennis-court and bowling-green. Offices, engineering depot and fire-fighting centre followed, and more houses to be grouped round a central village green near the old church. Most of them were of brick, but six in the area were Swedish prefabricated timber houses, while at near-by Brandon, two cedar houses from Canada were put up.

The Commission's policy is not to build new houses merely for the sake of building, nor to enter into any nonsense of the log-hut variety. It is simply to provide homes, with modern amenities, attractive enough to keep forest workers healthy and happy and attached to their job steadily. To this end, the Commission have taken over and modernised cottages and farmhouses as well as building anew. Up to 1939, many new cottages were planned, with a small parcel of land attached, and became forest workers' holdings. The tenant of such a house divided his time on an agreed basis between planting in the forests and working his smallholding.

It worked well until the young woods reached the thinning stage, and the volume of utilisation work swelled. The forest harvest had begun, and men for the harvest were wanted full-time.

Hostels were tried, and are still used as a temporary expedient. They were little cheaper than a village; men were easily recruited for them, but they left again as easily—and forestry is a long-term job which needs a stable labour force of skilled and experienced workers. A second expedient was to transport men from the nearest town. Travel time and transport cost was nearly as expensive as housing men near the woods, however. The labour force was again an unstable one, and it could not easily be rallied in an emergency to fight a forest fire.

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF TWO NEW VILLAGES IN THE KIELDER FOREST: *Left*—The Kielder village of 250 houses, as it will look when completed, and (*right*) the village Comb. There will be five villages in all in the Kielder Forest, and they are in fact the key to the development of the whole area. Designed specifically for th region by Dr. Thomas Sharp, they are intended to provide much more than homes for the 2,000 or more forest workers who will eventually be employed in th district. Each village will, in effect, become the focal-point for the life of its immediate neighbourhood. Each will have its own church, shops, inn, and village ha

TRADITIONAL HOUSES IN SANTON DOWNHAM VILLAGE : They are in the heart of the Thetford Chase Forest, which covers extensive areas of Norfolk and Suffolk. Thetford Chase extends over more than seventy square miles.

ANCIENT TREES LEND BEAUTY TO THE VILLAGE SCENE : Some of the new houses at Santon Downham village, in Thetford Chase. The planting of Thetford Chase as a State forest was begun in 1922.

Villages were a necessity, the only complete answer. And not just houses themselves. In remote areas it was obvious that the Forestry Commission had to provide not only dwellings, but schools, churches, inns, meeting-halls and club-rooms. Roads, water, sewage and refuse disposal also have to be catered for where a community starts from virgin soil. Milk supply, a bank, may have to be organised—and even a site for the future cemetery!

Forest villages do not spring fully-grown into being. They have to be grown-on, like the new forests themselves, through a series of development stages. Typical is the village of Llwyn-y-Gog, beside the Hafren Forest, in Montgomeryshire. This is, of course, the centre of Wales. The village's name is Welsh for "The Grove of the Cuckoo," and "Hafren" is the original Welsh for the River Severn, which rises in these parts.

Planting begun in Hafren in 1937, and some sixty men are now employed. But there was only the aptly-named hamlet of Staylittle near by, and no substantial population centre closer than nine miles. Plans were made in 1948, therefore, for the new village. Eventually it will have eighty houses, a shop, school and village hall on its carefully-selected site close to the new woods. The immediate need of a score of houses, with a temporary shop and hall, was supplied when the village was formally opened two years ago. Bus, telephone and postal services have been improved since then.

"What we see here in Hafren Forest and in Llwyn-y-Gog itself is no temporary or static undertaking," said Lord Robinson at the opening. The same could be said of every forest village. Four are in England: Kielder, Byrness and Stonehaughshields, in Northumberland; Santon Downham, in Norfolk. Wales has three: Llwyn-y-Gog and Abertridwr (a joint scheme with the Liverpool Corporation Waterworks), in Montgomeryshire; and Esgairgeiliog, in Dovey Forest, in Merionethshire. In Scotland there are five: Minnoch and Minnigaff, in Kirkcudbrightshire; the village of Ae, in the Forest of Ae, Dumfriesshire; Barr, in Ayrshire, and Dalavich, in Argyll.

In Llwyn-y-Gog each house normally has its garden, three bedrooms, bathroom, separate w.c., sitting-room, living-room, hall and scullery, with wash-house, w.c., and sheds outside. Water came from damming a mountain stream. A belt of trees shelters the village, which is integrated with the soil from which it springs.

To a similar pattern, but true also to local tradition, the Forestry Commission's communities elsewhere are growing fast. The rents are moderate, and about sufficient to meet the depreciation of the capital value of each house. The profit on outlay is not in money but in having adequate and expert labour on the spot. Having set out to enrich Britain with trees, the Forestry Commission finds itself, in fact, establishing a new type of community and a new breed of men. Civilised both certainly are. And the forest villagers are healthier and even tougher, probably, than even the best of Sir Walter Scott's dirk-flourishing savages of nineteenth-century Kielder!

IN THE NEW VILLAGE OF LLWYN-Y-GOG, MONTGOMERYSHIRE : This is an artist's impression based on the plans of the architect of the village, Mr. T. Alwyn Lloyd. Playing-space for the children is a keynote of the plan.

NESTLING AMID THE SERENE BEAUTY OF THE WELSH HILLS : These are completed houses in the new forestry village of Llwyn-y-Gog, Montgomeryshire. As there was no substantial centre of population nearer than Llanidloes, the Forestry Commission decided to create this completely new village for the workers in the near-by Hafren Forest. It will eventually comprise eighty houses, a shop, a school and a village hall. The first twenty houses were completed in October 1951. Llwyn-y-Gog means "The Grove of the Cuckoo."

KIELDER FOREST VILLAGE, WITH KIELDER CASTLE IN THE FOREGROUND : The brilliant whiteness of the new houses is in marked contrast to the traditional building material of the area, a rather dour and forbidding grey stone. Most Northumbrians feel that this fresh and attractive style is an asset to the neighbourhood.

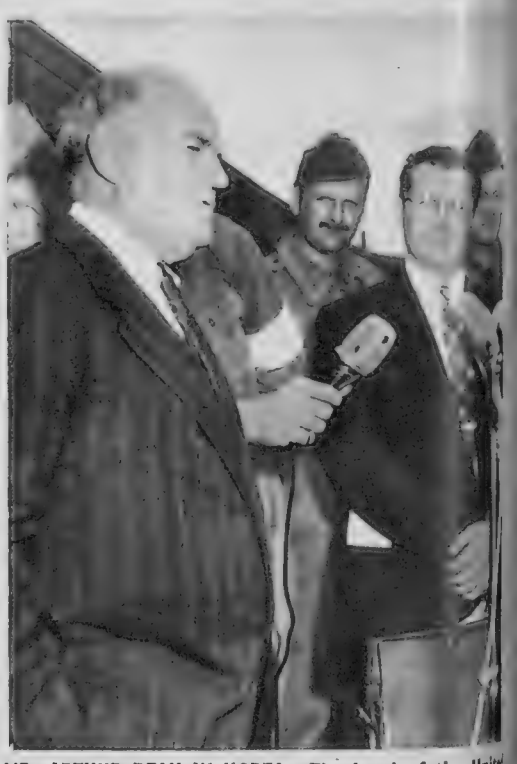
NEWS from Four CONTINENTS

The New Japanese Navy; the King and Queen of the Hellenes in New York; Events in Trieste; the Sudan Elections; and Other Foreign News

NIPPON'S NAVY RETURNS TO OMINATO: Four landing support vessels and a frigate are seen in the harbour at Ominato, Japan's fourth biggest naval base and the one where the task force that attacked Pearl Harbour assembled twelve years ago. The town of Ominato, which lies about 400 miles north of Tokyo, depends on the navy for its living. At the end of the war there were 80,000 inhabitants, but in the years following, when the Japanese Navy was disbanded, the population fell and there are only 15,000 people living in the town at the present time. Now that there is once again a navy, it is expected that Ominato will take on a new lease of life.

NEW YORK CITY GIVES A "TICKER TAPE" WELCOME TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE HELLENES: King Paul and Queen Frederika are seen driving through Lower Manhattan. On the kerbside is seven-year-old Sofia Mannos, of the Bronx, New York, who is dressed in the Greek National costume. The Royal couple are on a long and varied tour of the United States, which is to last until December 3 and which is believed to be the longest tour to be made by a visiting monarch to the States. King Paul and Queen Frederika have already paid a four-day visit to Washington, where they were met by Mr. Dulles, the Secretary of State, and afterwards drove to the White House, where they were received by the President and Mrs. Eisenhower and the Cabinet. During an extensive tour of New York and its environs they visited the United Nations Building, where King Paul delivered an address to the Assembly

THE LOYAL REGIMENT PATROLS THE BORDER AT TRIESTE: Two jeeps halt during their patrol of the border, which has been vigilantly maintained since the Anglo-American announcement last month that Zone A of Trieste would be handed over to Italy. These jeeps are manned by the Loyal Regiment, whose mobile patrol makes two trips a day along the border between the two zones. In the distance can be seen part of the Yugoslav Zone B. *On right*—Two officers of the Loyal Regiment on duty at a road check-point. While a meeting between Yugoslav and Italian statesmen is awaited, disturbances in Trieste have been continuing, and tension between the two countries has not eased appreciably. During recent rioting in Trieste police opened fire on Italian demonstrators. Some of the incidents took on a distinct anti-British trend. British army cars and soldiers were stoned and the windows of the British cinema were smashed. No definite date has yet been fixed for the evacuation of British and American troops.



MR. ARTHUR DEAN IN KOREA: The head of the United States Mission to the preliminary discussions for the Political Conference on Korea is seen speaking to newspaper reporters after a meeting of Allied and Communist delegations. The preliminary talks are concerned mainly with the admission of neutral countries to the Political Conference, and whether Russia can be classed as such a country. It is the Allies' contention that Russia is definitely an "interested" party. Discussions trying to establish some agreement on this point have been going on for over a week without success. Mr. Dean has said, however, that he believes that the Communist authorities do want the Political Conference on Korea to take place

PRINTING BALLOT PAPERS FOR THE SUDAN ELECTIONS : Printers at the Sudanese Government's Survey Department Printing Works at work in Khartoum on the ballot papers which are being used in the first Sudanese General Election. In order to help illiterate voters, parties and candidates are represented by various symbols and colours. The primary elections, which are being held this month, are spread over a total of eighteen days. Each constituency in the Sudan fixes its own polling day, and in many areas voters must travel many miles on foot to the polling stations. Besides voting by ballot, Sudanese in some districts vote by token or even by acclamation. The Parliament that is being elected will have to decide whether the Sudan is to become an independent State, or whether it will link itself with Britain or with Egypt

A WAREHOUSE FIRE AT THE CAPE TOWN DOCKS : Smoke rises from a new cargo warehouse when it caught fire in Table Bay Harbour, causing £250,000 worth of damage. The fire, which is believed to have started among twenty bales of wood wool, raged for four-and-a-half hours. The Cape Town warehouse also contained large stocks of methylated spirits, oil and bales of wax and timber.

On left—
YET ANOTHER WORLD AIR SPEED RECORD : The new American F-100 Super Sabre flashes across the finishing-line at the end of its ten-mile course at Salton Sea, California. The new jet plane, which was first seen by the public last month and which was piloted by Lieut.-Colonel F. K. Everest, set up an average speed of 754·98 miles per hour, which is claimed as a new record. This compares with the record speed of 753·4 m.p.h. set up by a Skyray early in October.

THE SPEAKER OF THE U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT THE GERMAN BUNDESTAG : Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jnr., who is Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, addressing the Bundestag at Bonn. Seated behind him is the President of the Bundestag, Herr Ehlers. Mr. Martin, who was paying a brief visit to Western Germany, thus became the first American official to address the Bonn Parliament. He was enthusiastically received, and though his address was in English it was interrupted several times by applause. Mr. Martin told the German politicians that they were "blazing the trail for a real people's government." The day would come when Germany would become united and powerful once again, "a force for peace and for world progress."

A VILLAGE DRIES OUT AFTER THE FEBRUARY FLOODS IN HOLLAND : The desolate view from the tower of the Dutch Reformed Church in Kerkwerve, on Schouwen Duiveland. This village of 800 inhabitants was completely submerged by the great storm tide of February 1, which caused such havoc on the Dutch coasts. The level of the water has recently been falling rapidly, and now, after eight months, the remains of the village are laid bare. It has become possible for the first time to examine the devastation wrought by the floods. At the time, the population had to be hurriedly evacuated, but despite the swiftness of the operations, three people were drowned.

FIELD TRIALS and TRIBULATIONS

It is No Easy Matter for a Dog to Become a Field Trial Champion, So Exacting are the Competitive Conditions

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ONE of the lesser-known features of the British Sporting Year is the Field Trial, the season for which is now drawing to its close. The primary object of Field Trials is to test the working qualities of our gundogs, and it may seem surprising that in a nation of dog-lovers they should be so little known. But Field Trials for retrievers and spaniels are, in the main, private affairs organised for their members by leagues, societies and clubs which exist for the purpose, and as they are held on private ground by permission of the landowner (and it is not always easy nowadays to find a landowner keen enough on gundogs and their improvement and generous enough to lend his ground for a trial), the public are not admitted as spectators. But if you are really keen it is usually possible to get permission from the landowner to see a trial. There is never a big crowd at a Field Trial. It is safe to say that to the general public they are quite unknown. It is equally safe to say that the majority of shooting-men have never seen one.

Field Trials are comparatively new. So far as I have been able to discover, the first trial of gundogs in the field was held on April 18, 1865, on the estate of Mr. S. Whitbread, at South Hill, in Bedfordshire. This trial, from all accounts, provided no fair test for the dogs, and led to a good deal of bickering among the dogs' owners, but the seed had been sown, and the first trial in the field with the gun, the first trial at which birds were shot to the dogs, was held two years later, on September 10 and 11, 1867, on the estate of Richard Lloyd Price, at Bala, in North Wales. Lloyd Price owned 64,000 acres in North Wales, and his chief recreations were shooting and the study of dogs. Field Trials could not have started under better guidance.

These first trials were for pointers, setters and retrievers. Field Trials for spaniels came later. The first trial for spaniels was held in 1899 on the estate of Mr. William Arkwright, the president and founder of the Sporting Spaniel Club, at Sutton Scarsfield, in Derbyshire. The following year the Spaniel Club held their first trial at Welbeck, by permission of the Duke of Portland.

There are, of course, some differences between retriever trials and spaniel trials, differences inherent in the nature of the dogs. And there are also differences between trial and trial, differences dictated by the nature of the ground, weather conditions, and so on. But, broadly speaking, what happens is this. Most trials start at 9.30 a.m. The draw for the order of the dogs on the card has been made by ballot and the judges take up their position in the line. (There are three judges in retriever trials: two judges and a referee in spaniel trials.) Each judge has two guns to shoot for him. The dogs are taken in the order of the draw, and the card is gone through until every dog on the card has been tried once. After that the judges may call up dogs for trial in any order they wish.

A retriever trial is exactly what the name implies. A spaniel has to do more than retrieve. The retrieving must be good, of course, but a spaniel has got to find the game to be shot, and the way in which he does this is very important. Thus, there is this great difference between retriever trials and spaniel trials. The retriever has to wait for work: the spaniel is working all the time. The card at a spaniel trial is run through in just the same way as at a retriever trial, but at spaniel trials stakes are provided for single spaniels, for braces and for teams of three or more.

I suppose that it would be true to say that in all Field Trials the dogs are tested for their ability to find game (that is, to retrieve game), their intelligence and their obedience, with the addition, in the case of spaniels, a test of their ability to put up game for the guns. It all sounds simple enough. It is very far from simple. You cannot govern this sort of thing by rule, no matter how much you try. Each dog works in a different way, has a style of his own. Style is an indefinable quality. Pace, drive, nose—all these things are quite individual and indefinable. Furthermore, they are all to some extent governed by the conditions ruling at the moment the dog is tested. The wind, for example, may change (and even a very slight change will be of vast importance to the dog, though a man might not realise it at all) between the trial of one dog and that of the next dog on the card. The humidity may change, and again, a very slight change will affect conditions for the dog, though it will not be noticed by a man. These are factors which are quite impossible to confine within the sort of rules that normally govern competition. There are other things which at first sight would appear easy to judge, and which in practice are by no means easy. It is, for example, very bad for a retriever (or a spaniel) to have a "hard" mouth. A hard mouth, one might think, is easy enough to judge; one has only to look at the condition of the game retrieved. In fact, it is not always easy to determine what caused the damage. Added to all these things is the fact that, though no one would question their fairness, judges have very different ideas about such things as style, and, incidentally, about dogs.

Again, the tests set by the judges, quite apart from the variations caused by changing conditions which must, and do, occur during every trial, are never the same from trial to trial. In the very nature of things they cannot be. The tests must obviously depend on the nature of the ground over which the trial is held. Walking up game and shooting it as it rises is the fairest way of testing retrievers. That, I think, is generally agreed. But walking up roots is a very different matter from walking up bracken; walking up ground with a good cover a very different matter from walking up ground with a poor cover. When cover is really scarce, then game must be driven. But driving is an entirely different test. A dog may be excellent at walking up and hopelessly wild at a drive. A complete trial would be to test the dog at walking up and driving on the same day, and, of course, this is done when possible.

And there is yet one more factor for which the rules do not allow and cannot allow. That is, the quality and performance of the guns. To have a trial fair beyond all question one would require six guns, all equally good and all equally in form on the particular day. That just does not happen. A really good shot will kill game so that it drops in the position required by the judge for the test of a particular dog. There were once in England many guns capable of doing that. There are not many to-day. To-day the temptation to take game at the easiest angle often proves too strong, and the trial suffers as a result. Remembering Field Trials in the years between the wars, I think that on the whole there can be little doubt that the general standard of game-shooting has deteriorated. That is bound to have its effect on Field Trials. Moderate shots do not make for good trials.

Taking all this into consideration, one may well ask if a Field Trial does really reveal the quality of a dog. One may well ask if Field Trials really serve any useful purpose at all.

Let us consider the first question. It is very difficult indeed for a dog to become a Field Trial champion. The title of champion is granted to any pointer or retriever which wins two first prizes at two different Field Trials in Open or All-Aged Stakes. There are rather more conditions attached to the granting of the title of champion to a spaniel, but, roughly speaking, it is granted to any spaniel which wins three first prizes at three different Field Trials in Open or All-Aged Stakes, provided that there are not fewer than eight runners in each stake. But, in addition to this, a Championship Stake is held each year for pointers and setters, for retrievers, for spaniels (other than cockers) and for cockers. The quality of these champions varies from year to year (as does the quality of the Derby winner), but, as with the Derby, it is usually the best dog on the day which wins. As a number of champions always compete in these Championship Stakes, the winner has some right to be considered the Supreme Champion of the year, though that title is not used.

It will be appreciated that, having regard to the very different conditions that operate at different Field Trials, it is no easy matter for a dog to become a Field Trial Champion. A dog really has got to be pretty good to win two first prizes, let alone three, in Open or All-Aged Stakes at two different meetings. At least, he has got to be pretty good at Field Trials.

This brings up the second question. Do Field Trials serve any useful purpose? They provide a very pleasant form of competition for people who are keen on the working of gundogs. They provide an opportunity for amateur trainers and handlers of gundogs to match their skill against professional trainers and handlers. They provide a few guns with some nice shooting. And they undoubtedly show which dogs are good at Field Trials and which are not. But are any of these things really useful? Would the ordinary shooting-man be any the worse off if there were no Field Trials? Would gundogs suffer if there were no Field Trials?

Field Sports, as is well known, arouse very strong feelings among English men and women. (Strangely enough they do not seem to affect people living in Ireland, Scotland or Wales to anything like the same extent.) You have only to mention foxhunting in a suburban drawing-room to be certain of starting an argument as fierce (and almost as ignorant) as a meeting of the Far Left discussing nationalisation of the land. People who have never hunted and know nothing about hounds or foxes or horses, hold violent humanitarian or social views about foxhunting. A lot of people hold strong views about shooting, even about fishing. A lot of people hold strong views about dog shows. But if you were to mention Field Trials in the same suburban drawing-room the probability is that no one would have the slightest idea what you were talking about. There would be no argument. One might well think that this is the only Field Sport which does not arouse strong feelings.

That is very far from the truth. While all foxhunters are agreed about the merits of foxhunting, all anglers about the merits of fishing; while all shooting-men are agreed about the merits of shooting, they are very far from agreed about the merits of Field Trials. Unlike all other field sports, the strong feelings here are within the sport.

The most common criticism of Field Trials made by shooting-men is that they are quite unlike a day's shooting. This is perfectly true. There is very little resemblance between a Field Trial and a day's shooting. It is often pointed out by the Field Trial man that the purposes of a day's shooting and a Field Trial are entirely different. The purpose of a day's shooting is to kill game; the purpose of a Field Trial is to provide tests for the competing dogs. That is also perfectly true. The point seems to be: is it really much use testing a dog in conditions which he is most unlikely to meet in the shooting-field?

Field Trials do not bear the least resemblance to an ordinary day's shooting. It would be better if that were generally realised and accepted. Field Trials were originally run by shooting-men who wished to test their gundogs. Those days have long been left behind. Field Trials have grown up. They are now a sport, and a very specialised sport, on their own account—quite apart from shooting. I think it would also be as well if it were generally realised that there is a distinction between the Field Trial dog and the ordinary gundog. No one would dream of denying that thoroughbred racing is a specialised sport and that the thoroughbred race-horse is a specialised animal. Equally, no one would dream of denying that the thoroughbred race-horse has had an enormous influence for good on the industry of horse-breeding throughout the country. In just the same way, Field Trials have had an enormous influence for good on gundogs generally.

POINTERS AT WORK: This picture was taken at the Sutton Scotney Trials in 1950. In the foreground is J. Arthur Rank's pointer, Scotney Don. *On right*—Brackenbank Jasper retrieving for his owner, R. N. Burton, at the trials at Berwick St. James, near Amesbury.

THE HOUNDS MOVE OFF TO DRAW AFTER THE OPENING MEET OF THE WHADDON CHASE AT CUBLINGTON, NEAR AYLESBURY: In typically autumnal conditions the famous pack held its opening meet, but there was not a large field. The Whaddon Chase hunts over typical Buckinghamshire grass country. Well-known neighbouring hunts are the Grafton, the Old Berkeley and the Bicester.

HUNTING IN FULL SWING AGAIN

The Whaddon Chase, the North Warwickshire, the Cowdray, the Eridge, and the Silverton Hold Their Meets

THE NORTH WARWICKSHIRE IN THEIR CENTENARY YEAR: Hounds moving off from Stonleigh Abbey, near Kenilworth, after holding their first meet of the season. It was in 1853 that the present North Warwickshire Hunt was resuscitated, the country having been hunted by neighbouring packs. The country is very varied, consisting for the most part of equal proportions of grass and plough. Stonleigh Abbey, a mansion built in the eighteenth century, occupies the site of a Cistercian abbey.

MEMBERS OF THE SILVERTON HUNT RIDE THROUGH THE STREETS OF THOVERTON, DEVON: This was the opening meet and the attendance was well above the average. The Silverton country is all in Devonshire and consists largely of banks and ditches. It adjoins the Tiverton and the East Devon.

THE COWDRAY AT BIGNOR HOUSE: There was a host of foot-followers at this opening meet of this popular Subscription Pack. In the seventeenth century this territory was hunted over by the Old Charlton.

On right—THE ERIDGE HUNT MOVE OFF TO DRAW: Hounds leaving the Nevill Crest after the meet at Eridge Green, Sussex. This is probably one of the best-known of the south country packs.

THE FISHING VILLAGE WITHOUT A HARBOUR

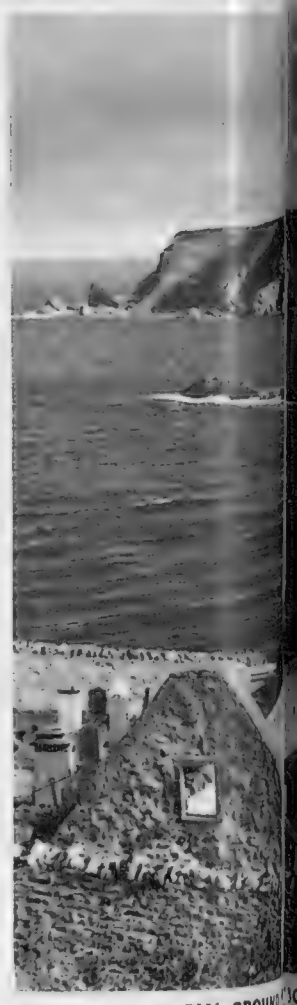
Gardenstown, on the Banffshire Coast, Thrives Although its Fishermen have to go to a Harbour Fifteen Miles away to put to Sea.

CROSSING THE DANGEROUS PATH FROM GARDENSTOWN TO BANFF: This narrow way, extensively damaged by last year's gales, is known as the "Snook," and connects Gardenstown with neighbouring villages.

THE SHORE AT GARDENSTOWN, WHERE ONLY SMALL BOATS CAN LAND: The main harbour for this fishing village is at Fraserburgh, fifteen miles away. In the foreground is the new sea-wall which is being built to replace the one destroyed last year.

On right—
THE ONLY VILLAGE INDUSTRY BESIDES FISHING: In the boat-building yard at Gardenstown the steamed timbers of a new boat are being bent into shape.

Below—
LOCALLY-BUILT BOATS FOR LOBSTER-FISHING: The tiny harbour at Gardenstown is so shallow that only these small boats can use it.



THE VILLAGE BURIAL-GROUND: ... the village of Crovie. ... cliffs in this rugged ...

A population of 1,250 that earns £400,000 annually from the sea is playing a very full part in the national economy, but it is rather a surprise to discover that the men who make the money have no harbour. The fishermen of the Banffshire village of Gardenstown, on the Moray Firth, have to keep their forty boats in the Aberdeenshire village of Fraserburgh, which may account for the fact that locally they are known as "mad Gamericks," Gamrie being the local name of Gardenstown. Gamrie itself was a flourishing community before the First World War, with a population of 7,000. But between the wars the villages of the Moray Firth declined. Buckie, Nairn, Lossiemouth, Burghead, Port Gordon, Cullen, Portsoy, Banff, Macduff—all went through hard times. Gardenstown fought to keep alive and its young men continued to go to sea, but as illegal trawling and the seine-net killed the fishing in their home waters of the Moray Firth, they went farther afield. It was their boast, and is to-day, that they can provide pilots who will take boats anywhere from Holland to Shetland.

In the same way as they were the pioneers of herring fishing in the Moray Firth, they became nomads, going after herring wherever it was to be found. They were quick to recognise that the days of local sales were over, so they followed the herring from Lerwick to Scarborough and from Yarmouth to Stornoway. To-day they are proud of the fact that Gardenstown can boast more young herring skippers than any other place in Scotland.

It may seem strange that such go-ahead people should continue to live in such an out-of-the-way place as Gardenstown, when they go elsewhere for their living. The fact is that Gamrie people regard their village as being amongst the most beautiful in Scotland, and nothing would persuade them to leave it.

There are virtually no harbour facilities at Gardenstown, and in consequence only small boats can leave the village. These are manned by the older members of the community, who go after crabs and lobsters. Fishing is usually done between 7 a.m. and 11 a.m. each day, and the remainder of the day is spent in maintaining the craft and preparing the catch for the market.

There are few trades other than fishing practised in Gardenstown, but there is one rather unusual boat-building yard where family craftsmen build ships' lifeboats of outstanding workmanship. These boats are built from blown timber from the Queen's estate at Birkhall, near Balmoral. From a piece of blown timber to a lifeboat takes only two weeks for this enterprising firm.

The severe gales of last year caused heavy damage to the sea-front and to the houses in Gardenstown itself. The old sea-wall, always in a precarious state, was finally destroyed, and work on the construction of the new wall is now almost completed. As the village expands, new houses are being built, some on the top of the hill on which Gardenstown stands, for its slopes have now become over-developed. This, at any rate, is a healthy sign. Other remote villages in Scotland may be declining, but Gardenstown continues to grow, and with the present bright outlook for fishing it seems destined for continued prosperity.

THE BUSY LITTLE FISHING VILLAGE ON THE BANFFSHIRE COAST: A general view of Gardenstown, showing some of the more modern houses that have been built there. Unlike most villages in this part of Scotland, Gardenstown, which has incorporated the old community at Gamrie, has maintained its old fishing tradition. Last year its population of 1,250 earned £400,000 from fishing alone. As Gardenstown has no harbour of its own, and as the local fishermen find it hard to compete with large-scale operators in the waters of the Firth of Moray, the village-men operate from Fraserburgh all along the east coast of Scotland and England.

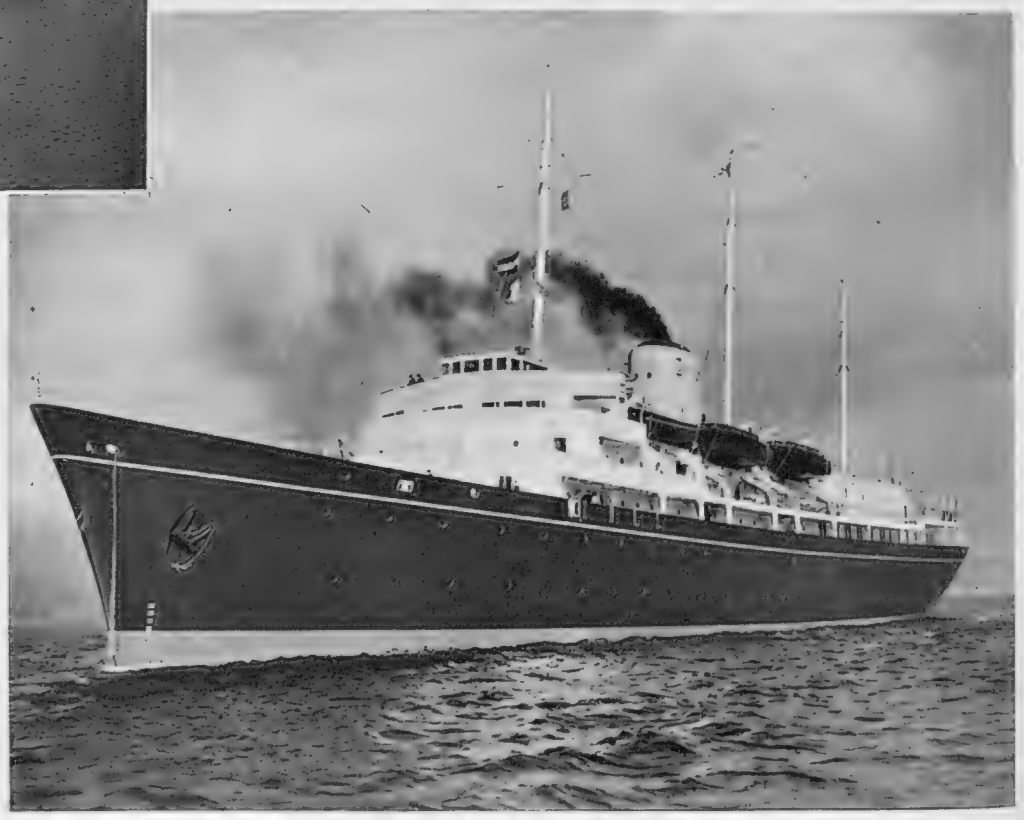
...ICH OVERLOOKS THE LOVELY COASTLINE: On the right is Gardenstown, and across the bay is ...ocal name for the area is Gamrie, which before 1914 had a population of over 7,000. The sea ...beautiful part of Scotland are, in the summer, the home of a large variety of sea birds.

THE NARROW VILLAGE STREETS THAT RISE STEEPLY FROM THE SEA: Gardenstown is on a steep hill, but there is now no more room for expansion on its slopes, so that new houses are being built at the top.

THE ROYAL YACHT AT ANCHOR IN THE ESTUARY OF THE CLYDE AFTER NEGOTIATING THE RIVER FROM HER FITTING-OUT YARD AT CLYDEBANK: The yacht, which the Queen launched on April 16 last, has been undergoing speed trials over the measured mile off the north coast of the island of Arran, and after that it was arranged that she should do further trials in the Atlantic, lasting ten days. In addition to her crew, she carried yard tradesmen and technicians. Later in the year there will be official sea trials for the *Britannia* before she is finally handed over for Royal use.

THE ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA" SETS OUT FOR HER TRIALS

The 4,700-ton Vessel Tested Under Seagoing Conditions After Coming Down the Clyde from John Brown's Yard



ON THE WAY TO TAIL-OF-THE-BANK: The new Royal yacht passing down the Clyde. *On right*—The vessel as she left the estuary for the compass trials. The *Britannia* has an overall length of 413 ft. Her continuous cruising speed will be 21 knots.

On the last stage of the coming Royal Tour, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh reach Tobruk, on the northern shores of Africa, they will embark on their new Royal yacht *Britannia* and set sail for England. This will be sometime next spring, and the subsequent voyage through the Mediterranean will doubtless give the Queen and the Duke a chance to relax after the ordeal of their long journey through Australia and New Zealand, and before undertaking a round of engagements in Britain.

At the time of writing, the *Britannia* is running her trials, and before long she will be ready to take her place in the Royal service.

The Royal and State apartments in the yacht are situated in the after part of the ship, and accommodation for the ship's officers and crew is forward. If the vessel were used as a hospital ship, which would be her function in the event of a war, the after end of the shelter deck could be adapted to receive helicopter ambulances. The commanding officer of the *Britannia* is Vice-Admiral E. M. C. Abel Smith, who took up his appointment as Flag Officer, Royal Yachts, in February.

The three previous Royal yachts were called *Victoria and Albert*, the third of them, launched at Pembroke in 1899, being of the same tonnage as the new *Britannia*. She was condemned as being unseaworthy in 1946, and converted into living quarters for members of the Royal family visiting Portsmouth.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN THE CITY OF LONDON: A production of the play *Queen Elizabeth*, by Hugh Ross Williamson, performed by the Bank of England Operatic and Dramatic Society. In this photograph by J. N. Parry, of Dartford, are, from left to right—Kenneth Lavington, who played the part of Lord Burleigh; Anne Baker, as Lettice; R. J. Barnes, in the part of the Earl of Leicester; and Stella Dauncey, as Queen Elizabeth. The two guards in the background were played by Carlton Sleath (left) and Peter Synett. The play was staged at the Cripplegate Theatre earlier this year. The Bank of England Society is one of the many amateur dramatic societies in the City of London.

THE AMATEUR THEATRE

A Survey of One of the Most Popular of Artistic Movements, which has Many Thousands of Enthusiastic Followers Throughout the Country

By W. A. DARLINGTON

It has been estimated that there are something in the neighbourhood of 20,000 amateur dramatic societies in Britain. The exact number must remain uncertain, but over 6,000 belong to the British Drama League, which provides its members (professional as well as amateur) with services such as advice on the choice of productions, lectures, conferences and an excellent library. Every town of any size has at least one society, and there are few villages which do not put on a production at some time, if not regularly. In the following article, Mr. W. A. Darlington, the distinguished critic and writer on the theatre, discusses the virtues and the difficulties of the amateurs; and compares their problems with those of the professional stage.

This first of two features deals with the problems of the amateur stage. Later, Mr. Darlington will criticise this season's productions of a selection of City of London companies. The second feature will be illustrated with new photographs of the productions, which are reviewed.

FOR reasons over which not even Governments seem to be able to establish any real control, the dramatic critics of the national newspapers to-day see very little of the doings of the amateur stage. In my work for the *Daily Telegraph*, for instance, in the days before the paper shortage, I used to visit the leading amateurs regularly. Now, I hardly ever dare to suggest it for fear of causing heart-failure to a harassed night-editor engaged in his regular task of squeezing quarts into pint-pots.

Once, indeed, the amateur theatre used to be a real problem in Fleet Street. I remember a colleague complaining in those spacious days that when he joined the drama department he had not understood that he would have to spend five days a week all the year round seeing different amateur societies doing *Hay Fever*. That problem vanished in 1939 and is not likely to return. To-day, the only amateur productions at which the professional critic is likely to find himself are those which have some special claim on public attention. The work of the established university societies, for instance, has such a claim, for from these societies comes a steady stream of recruits to the regular theatre—actors, directors and authors in the making, who may perhaps learn something under experienced criticism.

There are also a few societies which set themselves to supplement, rather than to imitate, the doings of the professional theatre. These organisations put on neglected classics, or they try out theories of stage-craft, as Ronald Watkins has been doing in his Elizabethan productions at Harrow School. The work of such clubs as the Tavistock Little Theatre in London, and the Questors at Ealing certainly deserves critical attention and often gets it; but it is interesting not because it is the work of amateurs, but because its particular field is not covered by professionals.

It is with the truly and completely amateur theatre, that vast body of people who take up acting as a hobby for no high artistic reason, but simply because they like it, that criticism has lost touch. I myself happen still to know something about their work because I sometimes act as adjudicator at amateur festivals, and I believe one or two of my fellow-critics could say the same. But such contacts do not occur very often; and it was therefore with real pleasure that I received the invitation from the Editor of THE SPHERE to survey the once-familiar scene, and then go on in a later article to deal specifically with the work now being done by some of the leading amateur societies in the City of London.

(*Continued on following page*)

DRAMA AT SCOTLAND YARD: This is a scene from a play produced by the Comets, the amateur society formed by the office staff of Scotland Yard, and which was performed at the Fortune Theatre last month. In a scene from the play, *The Advancement of Mr. Simpkin*, are Betty Owen, of the Receiver's Office; Wendy Davis (the victim), of the Statistics Department; and Jack Last, of the Receiver's Office. Mr. Last was the author of the play. This year the society celebrated its coming of age.

THE AMATEUR THEATRE—A SURVEY

A PRELIMINARY AUDITION FOR A PLAY PERFORMED BY LLOYD'S LEADEN HALL PLAYERS: This audition was held at Lloyd's for the farce, *See How They Run*, by Philip King, which was performed at the Cripplegate Theatre. Seated around the table from left to right are—Elsie Dickins, who was successful in obtaining a part; Patricia Rainbird, Vera Elliott, John Featherstone, who also played a part; Cynthia Hope, the Secretary of the Society, and Dennis Waters, the business manager, both of whom took part in the production; Cecil A. Birch, the producer; Kennedy Ryan, who was allotted a part; Tim Weedon, and Kenneth Mason, another member who played in the final production. Before the audition, notes were taken of the parts that each person wished to read. This photograph was taken by W. G. Davis, who also took many other pictures in this section.

A PREVIOUS PRODUCTION BY LLOYD'S LEADEN HALL PLAYERS—"SALOON BAR," PERFORMED AT THE CRIPPLEGATE THEATRE IN 1952: The players seen in this picture are Colin Francis as a newspaper boy; Paul Barker, who played the part of Joe Harris; Gillian Porter as Queenie, and Cynthia Hope as Sally.

"THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS" PERFORMED BY LLOYD'S LEADEN HALL PLAYERS IN 1951: The two women in this picture are Cynthia Hope in the part of Lady Lister, and Audrey Mitchell as June Farrell. The part of Tony, Lord Pym was played by Dennis Waters (second from right) and Charles Yiccars played Lord Lister.

(*Continued from previous page*)

I know pretty well the kind of acting I shall see. The best amateur acting is very good acting indeed—so good, in fact, that a critic who handles it finds himself compelled to do so almost from a professional standard. Indeed, some societies—the Old Stagers, who for a century or more have held an annual season during the Canterbury Cricket Week, are a notable example—are quite accustomed to having professionals to act with them without being put out of countenance. Sir Gyles Isham acted with them before he went on the professional stage, and now that he has left the professional stage he acts with them again; yet I doubt whether a stranger taken to an Old Stager production, in which Sir Gyles was appearing with, say, Mr. Humphrey Tilling and Mr. Denys Buckley, would find it easy to say which was the ex-professional and which the amateurs.

Yes, amateur acting can be very good indeed. Deceptively good; for though the gulf between the amateur and professional stages may look so narrow that anybody can step across it, it is, in fact, too wide to be crossed without a bridge and so deep that anybody who falls into it is lost. I once knew a lady who was an amateur actress of quite outstanding talent. She played all Marie Tempest's parts and most of Irene Vanbrugh's to the admiration of everybody in her countryside, and there were many who said that if she had gone on the professional stage she would have been a dangerous rival to both those star performers. The chorus of praise grew so continuous that she was convinced that fame was awaiting her in the theatre, and she turned professional. Her local fame was great enough to induce a London management to give her a small part. I saw her play it. She was not bad at all, but she was completely undistinguished. The personality she had seemed to have when she was playing star parts with her amateur society had vanished—dimmed by the much stronger personalities with whom she was now appearing. That was the beginning and end of her career as a West End actress, and I never saw her again on any kind of stage.

The difference between the professional and the amateur in acting, as in other activities, does not consist necessarily in talent. Many of our leading amateur players would have done very well on the professional stage if they had gone through the mill; and it is just this going through the mill that does the trick. In the

A FULL-SCALE PRODUCTION OF "MASQUERADE" BY THE BALTIC AMATEUR DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY AT THE SCALA THEATRE IN 1950: This lavish production was produced by Dudley Moore, with Norman Bidgood, L.R.A.M., as the musical director. The cast, including chorus and dancers, numbered over 100 and the music was provided by the Lloyd's Light Orchestra. This ambitious and successful performance was presented for four nights. The Society has been in existence since 1907.

AN AMBITIOUS POST-WAR PRODUCTION BY THE STOCK EXCHANGE—"THE GONDOLIERS," AT THE SCALA THEATRE IN 1951 : Second from the left in this picture is Giulia, played by Norma Shearer, and seated left centre is Fiametta as played by Janet Manville. Seated on the quayside, up-stage, are Marco Palmieri and Gianetta, played by Cyril Leeson and Doris Elliott ; and the third couple kneeling from the right are Guiseppe Palmieri and Tessa, played by Cedric Yeend and Stella West. To their left is Shirley Jones in the role of Yittoria.

world of sport, an amateur is quite often the equal of the best professionals because he has the same chances of practice and coaching as they do. In the theatre this is not so. There is no comparison between the training of a professional actor and the hit-or-miss methods of his amateur counterpart. A career in the theatre means subjection to the fiercest competition, the fiercest discipline and the fiercest criticism that I know—and I am not here speaking of newspaper criticism, but of behind-the-scenes criticism by managers and producers and fellow-actors. Amateurs seldom get anything of the sort, and are not very good at taking it when they do.

Considering the difficulties which face the average amateur society, I am always astonished at the results they achieve. Casting, for instance. If I were to suggest that casting a play for the West End is easy these days I should be laughed to scorn by all my theatrical friends ; but at least it is a fairly straightforward process. The producer, in consultation with the author, makes a list of all the actors who could play the part in question, in decreasing order of magnitude. He then works down the list trying to find a man (or, of course, woman) who (1) isn't making a film ; (2) isn't under contract to one of the big managements ; (3) isn't starting rehearsals for a new play ; (4) isn't in New York, or about to go there, and (5) sees himself in the part. If the producer is lucky he finds somebody towards the bottom of the list, and he has, if not the star player for whom the part was written, at any rate somebody good and suitable.

In the amateur theatre the process is not at all like that. You choose your play with a careful eye to its casting, it is true, and you try to leave yourself no insoluble problems ; but the coat has to be cut according to the cloth, and sometimes the resulting shape is a little peculiar. A perfect instance occurs to me. About three years ago a certain society decided to put on *Grand National Night*, and they cast their best actor for the reckless adventurer originally played by Leslie Banks. This character, you may remember, had accidentally killed his drunken wife, and rather than go to the police, he took a chance and faked an alibi, with the result that he was nearly hanged for murder.

The play was very well acted, and must have had a striking local success, for the society thought well enough of it to send it to the Felixstowe Festival, at which I happened that year to be the adjudicator. By the rules of the Festival, I was not allowed to take much account of the play as such ; and although the performance was creditable to all concerned, I could not consider it for the prize. Why ? Because the leading man, though one of the most able amateur actors I have seen, made nonsense—and could not help making nonsense—of the all-important Banks part. Why, again ? Because he had a personality which breathed honesty, integrity and sound commonsense. Prudence and probity were to be seen even in the way he planted his feet when he walked. If this

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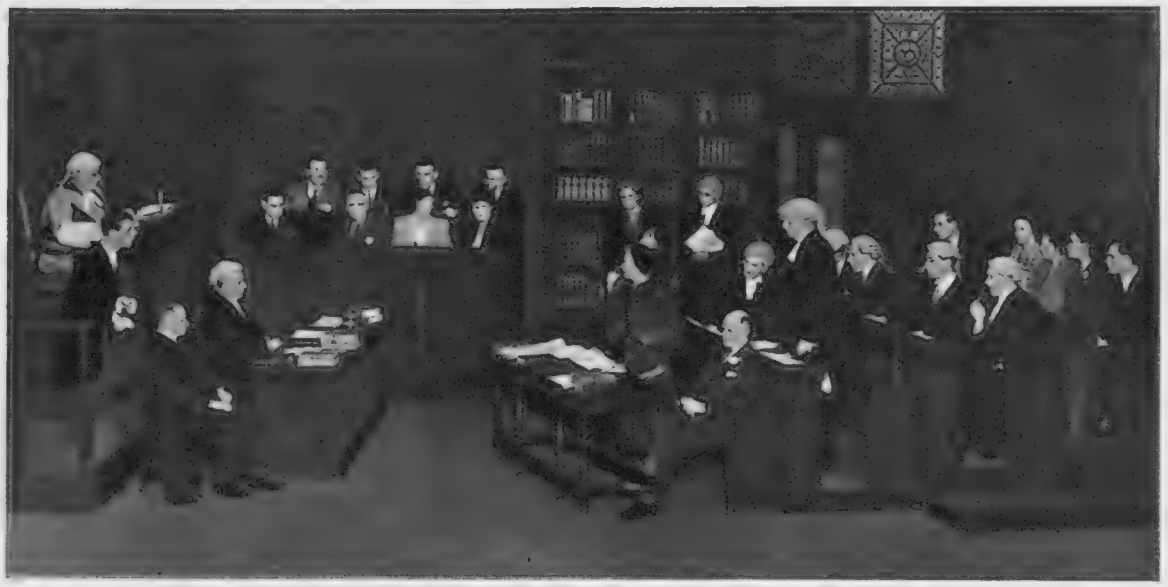


A PRODUCTION BY THE STOCK EXCHANGE OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY AT THE NEW SCALA THEATRE : In this scene from *The Blind Goddess*, which was presented in 1950, are, from left to right—John Cohen as the Lord Chief Justice ; David Whitaker as Derek Waterhouse, the accused ; Richard Kuttner as the Usher ; and Jerry Reeve as the Clerk of the Court. Seated at the table facing the bench are, from front to rear, Lord and Lady Brasted, played by Adolph Woolf and Jane Evans ; and their counsel, Mr. Mersel, played by E. L. Bending. Seated behind them are Sir John Dering, K.C., played by Robert Williams, and Mr. Francis Mainwaring, K.C., played by E. Randall Bailey.

A SCENE FROM "THE LISBON STORY," PRESENTED BY THE MIDLAND BANK OPERATIC SOCIETY AT THE SCALA THEATRE IN FEBRUARY 1950 : In this picture, Sebastian, played by Reginald Jarvis, is seen seated on a barrel surrounded by a chorus of fishermen and girls. The entire production was by Elsie Rendell.

AN EARLY REHEARSAL FOR A FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION BY THE WESTMINSTER BANK OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY: The rehearsal is for *The Vagabond King*, which will be staged at the Scala Theatre on December 10, 11 and 12. Vera Greer, L.R.A.M., is seen conducting the rehearsal, which was held in the Bank's Luncheon Club in Threadneedle Street. *On right*—Members of the cast discussing the score with the conductor after a rehearsal. From left to right are Bryan Connon, Donovan Cross, Jacqueline Bishop, Barbara Hewison, F. C. Brown, Renee Armstrong, Marion Hull and Vera Greer.

A PREVIOUS PRODUCTION BY THE WESTMINSTER BANK OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY: This is a scene from *The Happiest Days of Your Life*, which was presented at the Fortune Theatre in 1952. The Society was inaugurated in its present form in 1913.

"BERKELEY SQUARE," PRODUCED BY THE WESTMINSTER BANK SOCIETY AT THE SCALA THEATRE IN MARCH 1951: From left to right are Bryan Connon as Mr. Throstle; Pauline Mitchener as Helen Pettigrew; Sheila Fleming as Lady Anne Pettigrew, and Edward Nelson in the part of Peter Standish.

THE AMATEUR THEATRE—A SURVEY

(*Concluded from previous page*)

man had had the misfortune to cause his wife's death, he would quite certainly have rung up the police at once and there would have been no play. I was told afterwards that he was a bank manager. Well, I would hand my overdraft over into his care at any time with absolute trust.

Perfectly cast amateur productions are rare, and can happen only through happy accident. When they do happen, they are most impressive. The only one I can remember was an Old Stagers' presentation of one of A. A. Milne's light comedies. The Old Stagers were recruited from just the kind of people about whom Milne was writing, and casting was almost automatic. The result was a performance which a team of handpicked professionals could hardly have bettered except for speed and timing.

Speed and timing come from experience and long, hard practice, and it is just this practice that the amateurs cannot get. A famous actress, now dead, told me that it took her a fortnight from the opening night for her to get a character polished and finished. After that, for the rest of the run, she stereotyped it and took no further creative interest. What hope can there be for the amateur actress, who never knows what it is to have a fortnight's run, to produce any comparable result?

Again, rehearsals in the amateur theatre are almost of necessity hand-to-mouth affairs, bearing little relation to the sessions of concentrated hard work which the professionals hold. I spoke above of the "fierce discipline" of the stage, and this is seen at its fiercest when a play is in production. Actors are notoriously casual people, because their work, besides coming in spasms, compels them to turn night into day and to live on their nerves and emotions; and perhaps the discipline of rehearsals has to be fierce because otherwise it would be flouted. I still recall how startled I was when I first encountered it, and discovered how firmly even the mildest-mannered director wielded his absolute authority, and how unquestioningly it was obeyed. But I learned before long that it was one of the theatre's most respected traditions.

J. B. PRIESTLEY'S "THE LINDEN TREE" PERFORMED BY THE MIDLAND BANK DRAMATIC SOCIETY: Seated, from left to right, in this scene from the play are—Constance Knight, Margaret Keating, James Searle, Geoffrey Tone, Nancy Bishop and Nancy Coward. The play was performed at the Fortune Theatre in April 1952.

The amateurs have no such tradition, and even the best-run societies find it difficult to establish anything of the kind. Whatever can be done by keenness and devotion is no doubt done; but in no normal circumstances can any amateur producer rely on his cast for punctuality at rehearsals, or a full turn-out. Below the top rank, matters become even more difficult, because if societies are not able to pick and choose their members, the standard of keenness very soon drops. I suppose the average dramatic society consists of a few enthusiasts ready to give up all their spare time and to work themselves silly, a larger number who like to do a little acting as a hobby but find it cuts into their other amusements, and a residue which hardly knows why it joined. Many in the last two categories are not prepared to stand any nonsense from a producer, or take his criticisms in good part. They hold strongly the old unjustified conviction that in some way not easily defined but quite inevitable, it will be all right on the night. And the producer, knowing only too well how wrong it can be on the night once this spirit creeps in, is helpless.

He has the consolation, if he is able to be consoled at such moments, of knowing that even the most difficult, tiresome and incompetent of amateur casts is serving the cause of the theatre. It is doing something—indeed, a great deal—towards preserving the living theatre from the swift extinction which has been prophesied for it as each new medium of popular

THE DRESS REHEARSAL FOR "GLAMOROUS NIGHT" BY THE BARCLAY'S BANK OPERATIC SOCIETY: In this picture, the assistant dancing instructress, Grace Hooper, on extreme right, is seen giving instructions to Patricia O'Keefe, who plays the part of Militza; Eric Rumble (centre), in the part of the gypsy priest, and Neville Shreeve, as Anthony Allen. *On right*—Another view of the dress rehearsal for *Glamorous Night*. In the centre is the producer, Elsie Rendell. On either side of her are Patricia O'Keefe and Eric Rumble. On the extreme right of this picture is the assistant musical director, Leslie Garratt. The show was presented at the Scala Theatre in the spring of this year.

LAST-MINUTE DISCUSSIONS AT THE DRESS REHEARSAL FOR "NEW MOON": This play was presented at the Scala Theatre in 1951 by the Barclay's Bank Operatic Society. The producer, Elsie Rendell, is seen in conference with Michael Tumkins while other members of the cast look on.

On right—

MEMBERS OF THE CHORUS MAKING-UP FOR THE FIRST NIGHT OF "NEW MOON": Lawrence Wright is seen seated, while a dresser adjusts his wig. Frank Bentley is standing behind, awaiting his turn. The Operatic Society was formed in 1920, during which year *The Mikado* was produced on two separate occasions with considerable success. For a number of years the company played mainly in King's Hall in Covent Garden, but in 1929 it made its home at the Scala Theatre, where it still presents its productions.

ONE OF THE MANY PRE-WAR PRODUCTIONS BY THE BARCLAY'S BANK OPERATIC SOCIETY: The production was the well-known Jerome Kern musical, *Show Boat*, and Joe, played by John Child, is seen seated, with the chorus standing around him.

entertainment has come along, 3D films and television in colour being the latest (unless something else has arrived since I last heard). When people ask me if—or tell me that—the theatre is dying, I think comfortably of the thousands of amateur societies all over the country who are training up knowledgeable and interested audiences, and my flesh refuses to creep.

It is not too much to say that in the last twenty years the amateur movement has been one of the chief bulwarks of the theatre in England. Indeed, in the '30's, when the first impact of the talkies killed the provincial touring system stone-dead, it was the amateurs who kept things going, and their work then acquired an importance and a sense of purpose which it has never since lost.

In only one respect does it need to reform itself—in its choice of plays, which is too often obvious and unenterprising. For example, of the leading City of London clubs whose autumn productions I shall be discussing in my next article, the Midland Bank are doing *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, the Westminster Bank *Yes and No*, Lloyd's Leaden Hall Players, *See How They Run*, the Baltic *The Way Things Go*, Barclay's Bank *The Mikado*, and the Bank of England *Hassan*. That list strikes me as safe rather than inspiring, with the emphasis laid exclusively on acting and presentation. It is true that on the other side of the scale is the Stock Exchange, which is trying out a new play about Marie Antoinette written by one of its own members. That is the right enterprising spirit, because the theatre's pressing need now is not for actors and actresses, who abound, but for dramatists who cannot get a chance to learn their jobs by real stage experience.

I know that after saying this I shall be told by the societies that their choice of past West End successes, mainly lightweights, is forced upon them because that is what their specialised public wants. I have heard that tale often, and am not altogether convinced by it. Are business men really as tired as all that? The general public taste in theatre-going has taken a great leap up since the war, and I believe these big clubs could afford to stop blowing easy targets to pieces at point-blank range. They should lift their sights and do some fancy shooting for a change. They carry the guns.

CLEOPATRA AND CARMEN

Peggy Ashcroft and Michael Redgrave in "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Princes Theatre, in London; Nell Rankin in Anthony Asquith's Production of "Carmen" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

THE STRATFORD PRODUCTION OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" IN LONDON: Harry Andrews (left) as Enobarbus, and Michael Redgrave as Antony, in the production by the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company at the Princes Theatre. *Antony and Cleopatra* came to London within four days of the final performance at Stratford, where it has been an outstanding success during the past season. The play is produced by Glen Byam Shaw, with Peggy Ashcroft as Cleopatra, and Marius Goring as Octavius Cæsar. The simple but effective settings are by Motley. This is the first time in the history of the Memorial Theatre that a play has been taken straight to London from Stratford, and it is proving rare entertainment, for it is probably one of the finest Shakespearian productions of modern times. After a six-weeks run at the Princes Theatre, the play will go on a short tour of the Continent, visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels and Paris.

"THE HEAT OF EGYPT AND OF HUMAN PASSION": This was one critic's description of the atmosphere created by Peggy Ashcroft's breath-taking performance as Cleopatra, seen in the arms of the powerful, soldierly Antony (Michael Redgrave).

CARMEN AND THE TOREADOR AT COVENT GARDEN: Nell Rankin with Marko Rothmuller, who are appearing in Anthony Asquith's lively production of *Carmen*.

A FILM DIRECTOR'S PRODUCTION OF BIZET'S OPERA: The scene, "A Square in Seville," in Anthony Asquith's production of *Carmen* at Covent Garden. In the centre of the stage is Nell Rankin as Carmen, and (left) Michael Langdon as Zuniga. Nell Rankin comes from Zurich, by way of the New York Metropolitan Opera House, and her toreador (Marko Rothmuller) is from the Vienna State Opera. Other singers in the cast include the Irish tenor James Johnston (Don Jose), Frances Yeend, from New York City Centre, Barbara Howitt, Joan Sutherland, Edmund Donlevy and Michael Langdon. John Pritchard is the conductor, and the costumes and scenery are by Wakhevitch. Anthony Asquith used his film experience to great advantage in his production, especially in handling the crowd scenes.

THE NEW SEAL OF THE COUNTY PALATINE OF LANCASTER: This is the obverse of the Seal which has been completed by the Royal Mint. It shows Her Majesty the Queen in uniform mounted on the police horse Winston with one of her Corgis leaping beside the horse. The background is composed of roses and a Lancastrian badge. *Below on right*—This is the reverse of the Seal. The design is the work of Mr. E. Carter Preston, of Liverpool, who admits that he has taken some liberties in his work, showing the Queen carrying a sceptre when on horseback.

THE NEW SEAL OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER: Here the Queen is seen seated in the Chair of Accession in the House of Lords. The Coronation robes are shown in a classic stylised form. In her hands are the Orb and the Sceptre.

THE QUEEN'S CORGI ON A ROYAL SEAL

A Favourite Dog Romps Beside Her Horse

To mark the new reign, Seals have been prepared for the Duchy of Lancaster and the County Palatine of Lancaster. The County Palatine Seal is of very special interest as it shows one of the Queen's Corgis prancing along at the foot of her mount. Mr. E. Carter Preston suggested to the Queen when he was planning this design that he would like to revive the old custom of having a dog on the Seal. The Queen duly sent him her album of snaps of her Corgis, and she herself suggested using a Corgi in the design. The result is most effective if slightly unconventional. The Duchy of Lancaster, which was established in 1362, has its chief estates in London and the north of England. The net revenues are paid annually to the Queen, the anticipated yield being taken into account when Parliament fixes the Civil List.

***On right*—THE REVERSE OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER SEAL:** This is a conventional heraldic pattern with the Lancastrian Rose again in evidence.

The HOME NEWS in PICTURES

Prince Philip Invested as Chancellor of Edinburgh University; The L.C.C. in Session; Three Russian Ballerinas in London: Cotswold Almshouses; and Other Home News Pictures

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS INSTALLED AS CHANCELLOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY: Prince Philip seen as he delivered an address from the rostrum in Macewan Hall. On his arrival at Edinburgh, the Duke was met by the Lord Provost, Sir James Miller, and Lady Miller, and Sir Edward Appleton, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University. After he had been invested as the Chancellor of the University, the Duke of Edinburgh conferred honorary degrees of Doctor of Law upon twelve distinguished men, among them Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, Sir Alexander Fleming and Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Tedder. In his address, delivered after conferring the degrees, Prince Philip spoke of the problems of education and the importance that it was continuous. He made the point that National Service was, for the majority of people, the final stage in their education, and was a most important character-building experience.

A FORMER HEADMASTER OF GORDONSTOUN SCHOOL RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE FROM THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: Dr. Kurt Hahn shaking hands with the Duke after the latter had conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Law. Prince Philip was once a pupil at Gordonstoun School.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL MEETS TO ELECT A NEW CHAIRMAN FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF SIR ARTHUR MIDDLETON: The Council is seen in session, with Mrs. Douglas Bolton in the chair, having vacated the vice-chairmanship of the Council on election to the office of chairman, which became vacant on the sudden death of Sir Arthur Middleton. When this picture was taken Mrs. Ethel Rankin (left centre), chairman of the Health Committee, was moving the nomination of Mr. Frank Banfield as vice-chairman. At this meeting of the Council tributes were paid to Sir Arthur's work for London by Mrs. Bolton, by Mr. Hayward, the leader of the Socialist majority, and by Mr. Norris Kenyon, the leader of the Conservative minority. The former chairman, it may be remembered, was knighted by the Queen on the occasion of her Coronation visit to County Hall. The new chairman has a long record of service to London, and was at one time chairman of the Town Planning Committee.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE HOLD A DINNER AT THE MAY FAIR HOTEL: The dinner was held in honour of the retiring Danish Ambassador, Count Reventlow, who is seen on the right of this picture. With him are the French Ambassador, M. Rene Massigli (left), and Major-General the Earl of Athlone. The Swedish and Norwegian Ambassadors also attended.

THREE OF THE RUSSIAN BALLERINAS WHO ARE ON A FOUR-WEEK VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY: From left to right are Galia Izmailova, Alla Shelest and Zarg Doluhavona. They are three of the party of twenty ballerinas, film stars and musicians who are at present on a visit to this country as guests of the British-Soviet Friendship Society, the Society for Cultural Relations and the Scotland and U.S.S.R. Friendship Society.

ALMSHOUSES IN NEED OF REPAIR IN THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY: These fifteenth-century almshouses are in Chipping Campden, in Gloucester, and are now in such need of extensive repairs that an appeal for £2,000 has been launched by the Trustees. The almshouses were built by Sir Baptist Hicks, first Viscount Campden, who is buried in the church, the tower of which may be seen in the background of this picture. The market hall, another feature of this well-known Cotswold town, was also built by Sir Baptist Hicks.

UNVEILING A BUST OF ERNEST BEVIN AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE: Mr. Anthony Eden unveiled a bronze bust of the former Foreign Secretary before a distinguished gathering in London. The bust, by Mr. E. Whitney-Smith, was originally done for the Trades Union Congress, and shows Ernest Bevin rather younger than when he was Foreign Secretary. Among those present at the ceremony were Dame Florence Bevin, Sir Winston Churchill, Mr. Attlee, and 250 members of the staff of the Foreign Office. In a short speech, the Prime Minister described Ernest Bevin as a great Englishman, and referred to his "manliness, his common sense, his rough simplicity, sturdiness and kind heart."

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION SHOW AT OLYMPIA: This is the last big dog show of the year and was well attended; 5,536 entries were made up by 3,000 dogs, with Pekinese proving the most popular breed. The winner of the supreme award at the show was a small Griffon Bruxellois, Skibereen Tedouard, owned and bred by Mrs. E. Street, of North Park, Eltham. Another of Mrs. Street's Griffons, Skibereen Yanta of Irton, was made reserve best of sex in her breed. Both challenge certificates in collies were taken by the Misses D. M. and P. R. Young, of Sunbury-on-Thames, with Ugony's Golden Gypsy and Champion Ugony's Golden Son O' Lad of Riffelsee, which was also best of breed.

SCOTT'S SHIP

On What May Be Her LAST VOYAGE

The "Discovery" Leaves Her Moorings in the Heart of London

"DISCOVERY" MOVES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SEVENTEEN YEARS: The Polar exploration ship, which has been moored off the Victoria Embankment, London, seen as she moved downstream under tow for survey at the London Graving Dock. On the results of the survey will depend whether the vessel is taken over by the Admiralty.

The voyage of the *Discovery* from the Victoria Embankment may be her last, but if the survey shows that she is in good condition, Captain Scott's historic vessel will be used for naval trainees and may be attached to the London Division, Royal Naval Reserve, which has its headquarters in H.M.S. *President*. During the past seventeen years *Discovery* has been a training centre for Sea Scouts. Captain Scott's vessel was given to the Boy Scouts' Association by the Falkland Island Government, together with a lump sum of £30,000 from Lady Houston. But the cost of upkeep has become prohibitive in recent years, and the Association offered the ship to the Admiralty for naval trainees. The headquarters of the London Division, Royal Navy Reserve, lie conveniently a few yards away from the *Discovery* in H.M.S. *President*. The Admiralty accepted the Association's offer, subject to the results of the survey. There have been several ships bearing the name *Discovery* used for Polar discovery, and the first, commanded by William Baffin, made six voyages to the Polar regions between 1602 and 1616. *Discovery* No. 6, the present bearer of the name, carried Scott to the Antarctic in 1901-04, and she afterwards traded between West India Dock, London, and James Bay, Canada. She was requisitioned by the Admiralty in 1914, and two years later went to the aid of the stranded members of the Shackleton Antarctic Expedition.

HER FUNNEL LOWERED AND HER RIGGING REMOVED, THE "DISCOVERY" HEADS DOWNSTREAM: The Royal Research Ship seen in charge of tugs before passing beneath Blackfriars Bridge en route to the graving dock.

HOUSE-MOVING IN AMERICA AND FRANCE

How to Transport Homes Without Breaking them up

On left—

THE HOUSE THAT NEARLY GOT AWAY: This Duplex house slipped off the trailer that was moving it in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The driver of the lorry had swerved to avoid branches from a tree, and it took workers several hours to jack up the house and put it back on the trailer again.

Above—

MOVING ALONG BY RAIL: At Nanterre, twenty miles from Paris, this house was placed on rails and moved along about 200 yards. This form of transportation was used to remove several similar houses in the area. Moving complete houses has recently become the rule rather than the exception.

MINE DETECTION IN NORFOLK

The Perilous Task of Removing Mines Laid Down During the War Years

In the early years of the war, when invasion by the Germans from across the North Sea was thought to be likely, a great number of land-mines were put down around the coasts of Britain. As there was no invasion, the mines were never exploded, and after the war a force of officers and men 10,000 strong was detailed to remove them. By 1948, over 250,000 mines had been lifted, and nearly all the fields had been cleared. One remained, however. This was on a stretch of the East coast between Mundesley and Trimingham, in Norfolk, and this mine-field was deemed too dangerous to be worked on, so the area was sealed off. Then it was discovered that mines were being swept away by the sea and deposited on other parts of the coast, and so it was decided to start the hazardous task of removing these dangerously-situated mines. Since March of this year, when the work began, 125 mines have been lifted from a half-mile stretch of the coast. The task is made much more difficult by the dangerous nature of the coast in this area. The precipitous cliffs are from 150 to 200 ft. in height, and are constantly crumbling and falling into the sea. Mines often fall out of the cliffs and lie concealed in the soft sand.

That the work is dangerous is illustrated by the fact that an officer and a Warrant Officer were recently given awards for bravery in connection with the mine-detection work at Mundesley. Captain R. H. Hough and Warrant Officer E. M. Thomas were in charge of mine-clearance teams when a mine exploded near two soldiers. Captain Hough and W.O. Thomas crawled through the minefield in an attempt to rescue the two soldiers, who were later found to be dead.

MEN OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS AT WORK CLEARING MINEFIELDS LAID DOWN DURING THE WAR ALONG THE NORFOLK COAST: The clearance is taking place along a four-mile stretch between Mundesley and Trimingham, and since March, 125 mines have been lifted from the first half a mile of this stretch.

IINE IS EXPLODED AFTER BEING DETECTED: In the foreground of this picture tapes may be seen. These mark out areas in which the men with mine-detectors carry out their work.

WASHING AWAY SAND TO REVEAL MINES BURIED BELOW: The vehicle in this picture is an armoured "Monitor." Water is forced through the nozzle of the hose at the rate of 100,000 gallons per hour by means of a special wheeled pump. Recently, an officer and a W.O. were given awards for bravery during their work at Mundesley.

THE PERILOUS WORK OF MINE DETECTION IN PROGRESS: These men are working their way along the cliff-face with a mine-detector. The tape marks out the area already cleared of mines. These cliffs are very unstable and large pieces often collapse on to the sand below.

A NEW FORM OF MINE-DETECTOR IN OPERATION AT MUNDESLEY: This instrument is used to detect mines that may be buried at a greater depth than other forms of mine-detectors could reach.

The Sphere of Travel

Spending Christmas Abroad

Some Suggestions for Snatching a Few Days' Holiday and Turning Winter Into Summer

BLUE skies and warm sunshine! It is a pleasant dream, which can so easily be turned into reality by those who would snatch a few days' holiday at Christmas-time and thus turn winter into summer. For few people in Britain can be looking forward with much zest to the coming months, with their damp, darkness and fog. A few hours' flight, and you can be among bright, tropical flowers or bathing from some golden beach, thus giving even the busy person a chance to share those pleasures once enjoyed only by the leisured. While equally important is the tonic effect to be derived from this kind of change; and on returning home again you often feel the physical benefits obtained to be far more stimulating than those that come from holidays taken during the summer months.

Of course, sunshine and warmth are the first essentials for a satisfactory Christmas holiday abroad. I am not going to emphasize the fact that even in those resorts which boast of their winter sunshine there can be spells of bad weather; but I would advise you to go prepared for chilly nights, especially in the matter of hotel heating. First-class hotels almost invariably cope effectively with this climatic problem, but in the simpler and cheaper establishments there can be grave deficiencies in this respect. I still remember a rather grim fortnight spent at Christmas in a small Mediterranean resort where the guests sat down to dinner with rugs wrapped round their legs, while after the meal we endeavoured to warm our

CANNES, THE OLD TOWN: In the foreground is the church of Notre Dame de L'Esperance. Cannes is speedily reached by the B.E.A. service to Nice.

feet around a form of charcoal brazier. We were all in bed before ten, the wise with their own hot-water bottles, the foolish with hot bricks (provided by the management) which were wrapped in sackcloth. Yet the days were glorious, sunny and warm.

This experience has convinced me that while in summer there may be many little places which can be most attractive, it is far better in winter to stick to the established resorts. I give this advice just in case some friend should give you a recommendation about an inn where the cooking is magnificent, the people most hospitable, and the cost extremely low. All these satisfying summer privileges hardly compensate, however, for frigidity.

Madeira and the Canaries always spring to mind as being a first choice for those who want to be sure of Christmas warmth and sunshine. Unfortunately, this year the M.S. *Venus*, which normally provides an invaluable link with these islands, will not be in service until early in January, for the ship is being fitted with stabilisers; thus would-be visitors are restricted to travelling out by air (Aquila Airways) or by Union-Castle liner—with rather limited accommodation in both cases and which may well be sold out by the time this article appears. Still, you can always enquire just in case there are vacancies.

Southern Spain and the Algarve district of Portugal are both safe sunshine areas, but the cost and time involved in reaching them rather puts them out-of-bounds for a short Christmas holiday. I prefer to recommend Lisbon or near-by Estoril, the former because it is one of the best of European capitals for winter warmth, besides offering much of interest to the visitor; while in the case of its near-by fashionable resort—with not too much accent nowadays on the word "fashionable," for last year in December I found it practically deserted—you could bask superbly in the Hotel Atlantico, where many of the rooms have their own secluded verandahs overlooking the blue sea—an ideal spot for a short rest-cure. This hotel has the Casino within easy reach, the surrounding countryside, especially in the Cascais direction, is sub-tropical and colourful, while from the almost adjoining railway station you can make the journey to and from the capital by a frequent service of fast electric trains, which run into the early hours, in a matter of thirty minutes each way.

LOOKING ACROSS THE ROOF-TOPS OF FUNCHAL: From December to the end of April is Madeira's season for foreign visitors, and in those months its sub-tropical climate can be a positive delight. The best-known hotels are the Savoy, Miramar, Atlantic and Reid's, the last-named a place of international renown.

THE MEN OF BERCHTESGADEN PREPARE FOR THEIR ANNUAL JUNKETING: On Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve the marksmen take part in their midnight shooting with hand-made mortars.

The Côte d'Azur is the nearest place where you 'll find a complete change from Britain in mid-winter. It is only, however, in the larger places such as Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo and Menton that you will get a lively atmosphere around Christmas. But these particular resorts are extremely satisfying for entertainment, as well as offering opportunities for some lovely excursions.

Then, for those who are interested in unusual ceremonies, there is the Midnight Mass celebrated on Christmas Eve in the Church of Saint-Vincent in Les Baux, a medieval Pompeii which lies a few miles north-east of Arles. Known as the Fête du Pâturage, you will see in the darkness for miles around the slowly-moving lanterns of the peasants making their pilgrimage, and during the service the shepherds offer a young lamb at the altar. There is a considerable influx of visitors for the occasion, and excursions are run from Marseilles and Arles. This would mean, of course, being absent from your Riviera resort for a night, but I consider that you will be fully repaid by a remarkable experience.

Across the frontier beyond Menton is the "Riviera of Flowers," with San Remo as a recommended resort at Christmas-time. Here there is a casino with gambling facilities and first-rate entertainment; and although the Italian Riviera may be less gay than the Côte d'Azur, yet it has a better winter climate, being warmer after dark and suffering much less severely from the mistral, that unpleasant wind of Provence which brings with it grey days. The Ligurian Appenines also form an admirable screen to the north of this part of the Italian coast, so that the cold winds which pass over them do not touch the district at their feet, but are first perceptible some miles out to sea.

Somewhat similar to the festival at Les Baux is the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve at the church in Taormina, that loveliest of Sicilian resorts. Preceding the service, local bagpipers in traditional costume play their way down the mountainside to the town, and along with them come shepherds bearing torches and baby lambs. Precisely at midnight, the darkened church is flooded with light as an emblem of the Nativity, and there is loud musical rejoicing. After the service the worshippers picnic in the church itself on provisions brought for the occasion. Everything is delightfully merry.

Taormina is well equipped with hotels. First comes the de luxe San Domenico, an old Dominican monastery, whose public rooms are veritable museums of fine furniture and *objets d'art*, and many of the corridors are real galleries of painting. The view from this hotel's garden, one of the loveliest, carefully casual gardens of flowers and flowering shrubs I have ever seen covers the whole majestic sweep of Etna and the curving Ionian Sea. Then there is the Hotel Timeo (first category), with the finest position of all, although on a recent visit there I thought its standards of food and service had deteriorated somewhat from those maintained prior to the war. The Bel Soggiorno and the Diodoro are two pleasant hotels in the second category.

While Taormina has been described as a place "for people who are weary and bored by a dying and often brutal civilisation, and can create a far more beautiful world of the imagination," I regard Palermo as being a more interesting centre. The setting, too, of the Sicilian capital is almost equally superb, for it lies like a pearl beside its Conca d'Oro, that famous garden shaped like a shell, whose groves are decked with oranges and olives, and whose orchards are fragrant with the scent of nespole and almonds with fig-trees and palms. I would be perfectly content to spend Christmas there, wandering through its lively and colourful streets and revisiting the Cappella Palatina, perhaps the most beautiful chapel in the world, and the cathedral at Monreale, whose mosaics are even more lustrous than those in Galla Placidia's chapel in Ravenna and nearly as perfect, and in amount they are many times as excessive. The Villa Igea, of Victorian appearance, is a luxury hotel, with a delightful garden.

Both Taormina and Palermo can be quickly reached by using the direct air service from London to Catania, thence by train, the former in about eight hours' travelling time, the latter in approximately twelve hours.

My final suggestion for a Christmas holiday is a rather unusual one. It takes you to Germany, where the festival is always romantically celebrated, and to Berchtesgaden, perhaps the loveliest spot in the Bavarian Alps, with lots of sunshine and snow. It is also famed for its remarkable folk-lore customs, one of which is known as "Christmas Shooting."

On Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, some 1,200 marksmen go out to the fifteen shooting ranges located high above and around the resort, which lies in a valley. The shooting takes place around midnight and lasts an hour. Ancient hand-made mortars are used, and they are fired by hand. The noise made is terrific, for about 70,000 shots are fired. The surrounding mountains intensify the din with their echoes. The custom is carefully fostered by Christmas shooting clubs, whose ancestry dates back to the time immediately following the invention of gunpowder and derives from a still older custom of heathen times, when evil spirits were believed to be driven out by din and noise. The rest of your holiday there will be quite peaceful, but thoroughly enjoyable. For those desiring to stay at a typical German inn (well-heated), I can recommend the Hotel Watzmann, while the Hotel Sonnenhof is also very pleasant.

Gordon Cooper

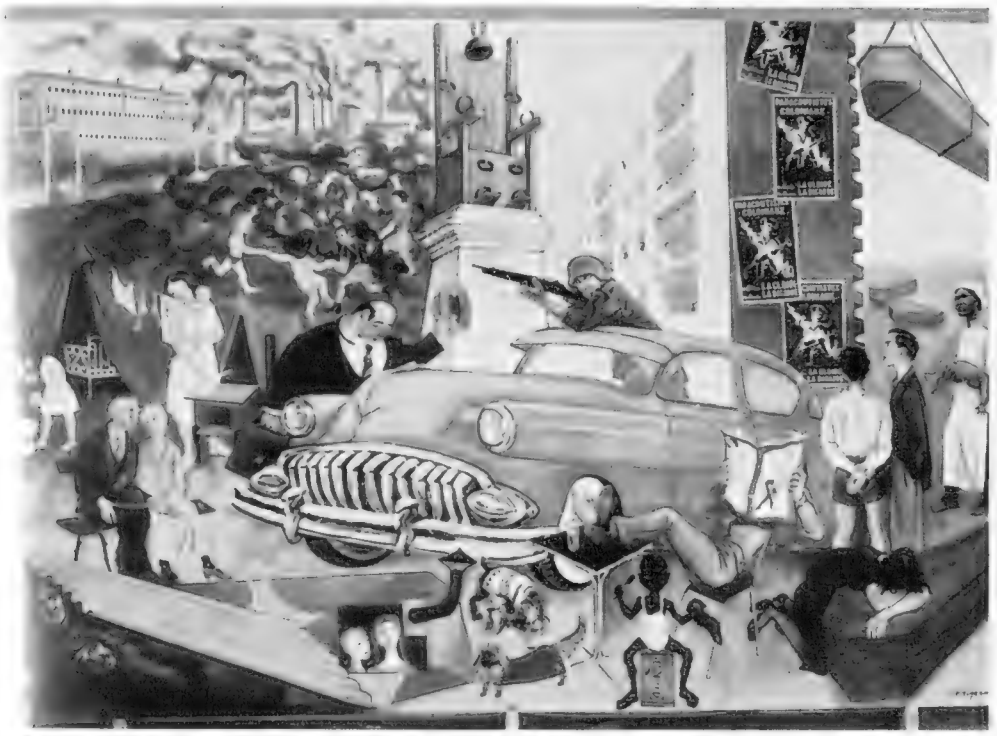
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a multiated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever

ART EXHIBITIONS in LONDON AND PARIS

Coronation Scenes; Belgian Surrealism; and Communist Propaganda

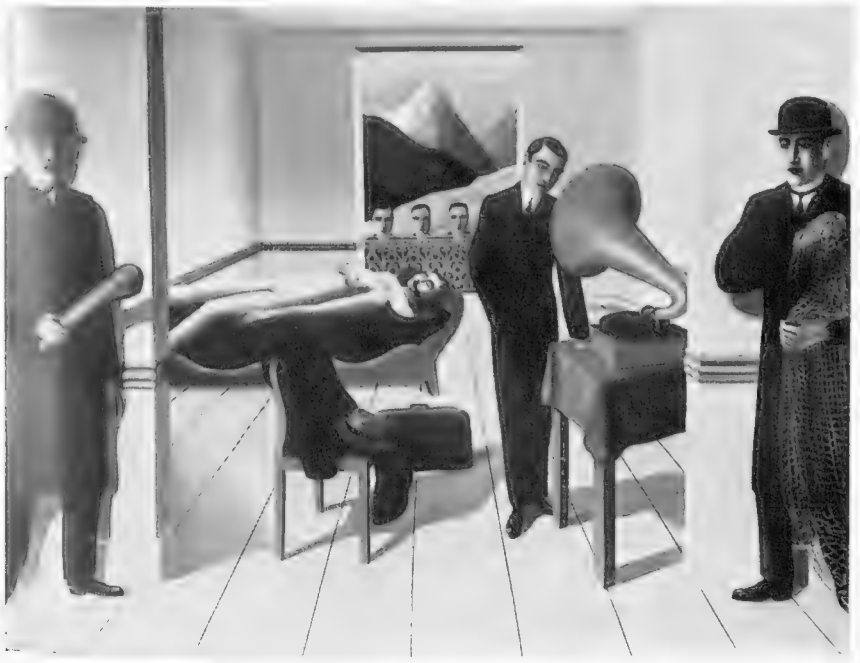
THE GOVERNMENT'S EXHIBITION OF CORONATION PICTURES: Mr. P. Chandra De, an Indian artist from Calcutta, points out a feature of his Coronation painting to the Minister of Works, Sir David Eccles. Mr. De's oil painting of the Queen leaving Westminster Abbey after her Coronation is one of 100 paintings and drawings of Coronation scenes by British, Commonwealth and foreign artists which are on view at Whitehall Gardens. The Queen herself was among the first visitors to the exhibition. Most of the works have been bought by the Minister of Works out of a fund started in April 1952 for the purchase of works of art for public buildings. After the present exhibition the Coronation pictures will be sent to British Embassies and Consulates abroad, and to public buildings at home.

THE CORONATION PROCESSION AT HYDE PARK CORNER: Osbert Lancaster's painting "St. George's Hospital," which is among the exhibits at the Government offices in Whitehall Gardens, London.



ANTI-AMERICAN PAINTING SHOWN IN PARIS: "Atlantic Civilisation," by the Communist artist André Fougeron, which caused a considerable stir when exhibited in the Paris Salon d'Automne. The painting measures more than 10 ft. by 20 ft., and depicts an electric chair on a pedestal, and below it a bright blue American car. On top of the car an S.S. man is shown with a gun. Other attacks are made on rearmament, lack of housing, "Western decadence," and the war in Indo-China. The president of the Société du Salon d'Automne has explained that the hanging committee has to accept two paintings from each of its members, and M. Fougeron is a member of long standing. Communists have challenged the police to remove the paintings.

"U.S., GO HOME," BY A COMMUNIST PAINTER: One of the paintings by André Fougeron which was on view in Paris. It depicts French peasants burning U.S. Air Force signs and chasing an unseen enemy. The police called several times at the Salon d'Automne Exhibition, and a report on the paintings has been submitted to the Préfecture.



A LONDON EXHIBITION OF SURREALIST PAINTINGS: "Le Mouvement Perpetuel," which was painted in 1934, is one of the works of the Belgian Surrealist painter, René Magritte, whose first London exhibition since the war is being held at the Lefevre Gallery. In this exhibition there are seventeen paintings, representing the artist's work since 1926. *On left*—"L'Assassin Menacé," which is one of Magritte's early works, painted in 1926. René Magritte was one of the leaders of the Surrealist movement in the 1920's, and exercised considerable influence on the work of Salvador Dali. Like Dali's, Magritte's works have achieved great success in America, but though he has now, at the age of fifty-five, become wealthy, he still lives very modestly in Brussels. He paints in a "studio" which also serves as living- and dining-room.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

BALACLAVA: THE TERRIBLE STORY

A Lucid Account of the Fatal "Charge" and of the Two Men Who Were Vitally Concerned in the Tragic Day

"THEIRS not to reason why. Theirs but to do and die." Do the children of to-day learn those lines almost as soon as their alphabets? I don't know. But everyone of my generation and older seems to have absorbed them in infancy, and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was a subject on which even the dumbest schoolboy could be successfully questioned. In a book which I will quite simply call superb, THE REASON WHY (Constable. 15s.), Mrs. Cecil Woodham-Smith has not only given a classically lucid account of exactly what did happen on that tragic, fatally confused day, but has traced the slow, inevitable march of events and the development of the characters of the two men, Lord Cardigan and Lord Lucan, who were to be vitally concerned in the terrible story.

They were brothers-in-law and lifelong enemies; both handsome, rich, well-born, and with certain gifts, among them great physical courage, and, equally, both with ungovernable tempers, a grotesque degree of pride and an absolute and godlike confidence in the rightness of all their own actions. (It is only a small comfort to learn that in his old age Lord Cardigan was reputed to be afraid of his second wife, who threw plates at him.)

These were the two men who, in a state of active and malevolent hatred of each other, were sent to the Crimea, Lord Lucan in the impossible situation of Lord Cardigan's commander. The great correspondent of *The Times*, a newspaper which throughout the two careers was more than outspoken in its comments on them, Mr. William Howard Russell, wrote: "When the Government made the monstrous choice of Lord Cardigan as Brigadier of the Light Cavalry Brigade of the Cavalry Division, well knowing the private relations between the two men, they became responsible for disaster."

The Army, to whose glory the two lords contributed so little, has had others to maintain the finest of its traditions and, among them, in our own day, Captain Peter Churchill, who worked as a secret agent in the war, was captured with the wonderful Odette, who is now his wife, tortured as she was, and survived to write of his experiences. DUEL OF WITS (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is his record of three missions into enemy territory by submarine and parachute, and of the adventures and terrible dangers, many of them shared with Odette, up to the time of their capture together. The account of how she and the radio operator, Arnaud, racing against time, got to the top of a 6,000-ft. snow-covered mountain to signal to the bomber that was bringing Captain Churchill in is as moving as it is thrilling. The writer discusses the part taken by Resistance movements in the war and gives the astonishing information that "the death-roll of the Polish Resistance and Home Army alone was more than twice as great as the total losses incurred by all the Armed Forces of the United States during the whole of World War II."

Some kinds of people just don't like to stay put, and of them the stuff of explorers, men and women explorers, is made. Per Host is certainly among the number, although the objects of his travels have generally been specialised scientific inquiries and not globe-trotting for its own sake. WHAT THE WORLD SHOWED ME (Methuen. 18s.) is a vastly entertaining book in any case, covering a good deal of that world's surface, from Arctic regions to the jungle. Per Host is a Norwegian scientist whose boyhood ambition was to explore New Guinea. Instead, he found himself in the Arctic studying the habits of seals, and he has chosen some enchanting photographs of baby ones to illustrate that section of the book. His next journey was to the Everglades, a queer, swampy part of Florida, where he was looking for an equally queer snake-eating bird. From there to an island in Panama, and then on to visit two remote tribes of Indians, friendly and very small in build, when photographed alongside the author's 6 ft. 4 ins. of height. Mr. Host's inquiring mind and his humour make all of this—and by implication, of himself—an ideal travelling companion.

THE STORY OF THE COMPOSER OF "THE MERRY WIDOW": This is the dust-jacket for *Fortune's Favourite, The Life and Times of Franz Lehar*, by W. Macqueen-Pope and D. L. Murray. (Hutchinson. 21s.). The book is an English tribute to the Viennese composer and gives prominence to the history of Lehar's works in this country. The volume is well illustrated.

MY AMAZON ADVENTURE (Odhams. 15s.) is the story of a young man who, at the age of twenty-one, short-sighted and wearing a metal plate in his hip as the result of a football accident, set out on a lonely adventure to determine, or help to determine, the real source of the Amazon. Mr. Sebastian Snow writes clearly and, if he won't mind my adding it, youthfully. I liked his caption to a photograph on page 145. "The picture," he writes, "records the general attitude of the labourers towards raft building." The picture, need I say, shows a gentleman very soundly asleep in the shade, with a hat pulled over his face.

FOR LAND'S SAKE (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is the story of another South American Odyssey, in which a New York girl, Miss Joan Lowell, relates how she met a seafaring Captain Bowen, fell in love with him and married him, and how they then agreed on a really intensive piece of "getting-away-from-it-all" in the depths of Brazil. Pioneer adventure stuff, and quite attractive, but a little too consciously gay.

In a series of essays, THE CREATIVE ELEMENT (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), Mr. Stephen Spender examines the individual visions of faith that are held by some of the writers and poets of our day, and affirms his own attitude, of being "romantically in love with the modernist movement." Sometimes obscure, sometimes unnecessarily involved where simplicity would have been as telling, this book nevertheless has something that is worth saying and states again one essential fact of the world of ideas: the recognition that is due from the thinking man to the creative man.

It is a graceful gesture on Mr. Richard Armour's part to have dedicated his little romp with American history to the authors of 1066 *and All That*, and it makes the reader feel a little easier about the facetious and, for obvious reasons, not very original style of IT ALL STARTED WITH COLUMBUS (McGraw-Hill. 9s. 6d.). But it is quite good fun, all the same, and although that may not be the author's first intention, one can learn quite a lot about the United States from this brief book and its witty illustrations.

The spirit of adventure is as present in novels as in any of the books this week, beginning with a very welcome new "Hornblower" exploit from Mr. C. S. Forester's inimitable pen. HORNBLOWER AND THE ATROPOS (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) dates from an epoch in our hero's life (it is becoming increasingly difficult to think of him as a character of fiction) when he was still a captain, still married to Maria, and had yet to meet the high-spirited, high-born lady who was to be his second wife. The tension is as well sustained as ever, the nautical knowledge as authentic, and our affection for our dear Horatio as constant.

NINE DAYS TO MUKULLA (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Frederic Prokosch's first novel for some years. The theme is simple and effective: four travellers who, for reasons of environment, character or custom, have been restricted in their sensual approach to the things of the earth, find an exhilarating new world together on their enforced journey, and find that their experiences leave them changed and more aware. Mr. Prokosch makes the point of their change of heart well, and with considerable emotion

MISSA SINE NOMINE (Peter Nevill. 15s.) is Ernst Wiechert's last novel, and it has been translated from the German by Marie Heynemann and Margery B. Ledward. It is sad and poetic in tone, and is concerned with the lives of three brothers, one of whom has spent four years in a Nazi concentration camp and returns to his family mansion to find it requisitioned by the Americans and his two brothers living in a shepherd's hut some distance away. His groping way back towards a positive, unembittered life is helped by these brothers, and the end of the story, if not happy, is at least not desperate.

Mr. Leon Uris was a United States Marine during the war, and his first novel, BATTLE CRY (Wingate. 12s. 6d.), is dedicated to them in general and to the one in particular who became his wife, Staff Sergeant Betty Beck, of the M.C.W.R. Mr. Uris likes the Marines and appreciates them, and since he is writing about them, in training, in action and on leave, it is not to be expected that his language will be that of what American ladies used to call a Pink Tea. It is, on the contrary, often very rough indeed, and probably very accurate.

ACT OF PASSION (Routledge-Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. is the newest Simenon to be translated from its origina French, and very good it is, rather in his second o later style, and dealing neither with the egregiou Monsieur Maigret nor with detection *proprement di* at all, but with a psychological study of a middle-age man and an infatuation.

—

A LIBRARY LIST OF FIVE VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

JAMES BROOKE OF SARAWAK (Arthur Barker. 21s.), *b Emily Hahn, is the biography of the first white Rajah of Sarawak.*

Coinciding with the opening of the hunting season is the publicatio of **BAILY'S HUNTING DIRECTORY, 1953-54** (Vinton and Co. 25s. *In addition to the Diary and Hunt Maps there is a Register of Winner with Meetings, and placed horses at Point-to-Point Races, 1953.*

A most useful volume for the housewife is **CASSELL'S COOKIN DICTIONARY** (18s.), *by Nell Heaton. There are approximatel 1,800 recipes.*

In **LIFE AND THE UNIVERSE** (Staples. 15s.), *Earl Nelso explains the solar system and how it probably began: the origin of t galaxies or star cities in space and the birth of the stars or suns and the attendant planetary systems.*

THE DIAGHILEV BALLET, 1909-1929 (Constable. 35s.), *b Serge L. Grigoriev, translated and edited by Vera Bowen, is the story o the ballet, ranging from the Company's first preparations in St. Petersbur*

EVEREST

Sir John Hunt's Story of the Great Assault

Not since Scott's march to the South Pole and the tragedy and heroism of the return has there been a peacetime adventure that has moved men's minds and touched their hearts like the assault upon Mount Everest, the world's loftiest peak. Since 1921 successive expeditions have pitted their wits and their hardihood against the great mountain. Two members of the 1924 expedition, Irvine and Mallory, reached 26,800 ft. and then set out to climb the last perilous pitches. Mallory and Irvine disappeared into the mists, never to return. Others have died on the mountain, many gallant Sherpas, the "tigers" of Everest, and one white man who sought to "go it alone." Finally, in 1953, while the crowds waited in the rain to see the Coronation procession pass through London, the news was flashed from half-way across the world that two members of the British expedition had succeeded in gaining the summit—Edmund Hillary, the New Zealander, and Tensing Norkey, the leader of the Sherpas. Where others had failed they had triumphed, not only through their own matchless courage and unflinching resolve, but, as Sir John Hunt declares in his book, THE ASCENT OF EVEREST (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.), also through the sustained and tenacious endeavour of those who had trodden the mountain before them. Sir John's book is written with a simple directness befitting the heroic nature of his subject. He starts by posing the problems before the expedition, the questions of mental and physical deterioration which beset the climber at great altitudes, describes the organisation of the 1953 assault, and then takes us through the valleys of Nepal along the broad path to Namche and so to the Khumbu Glacier and the outer defences of Everest. We feel his mounting excitement upon the way, but more than that the mounting sense of understanding between the members of this happy band of adventurers, that same comradeship indeed which Scott inspired in the Far South. The chapters dealing with the ascent are admirably done. The perils of the ice-fall are negotiated, the back-breaking tasks of carrying mighty loads to great heights are duly accomplished, the higher camps are pitched, and all that remains is to tackle those last 1,000 ft. of unknown terrain where every step is an effort and every painful yard gained is a yard to be painfully retraced later in the day. How Hillary and Tensing achieved the summit and returned all the world has heard, but Sir John's book, while paying full and proper tribute to what they did on that morning of May 29, 1953, shows essentially that this was a group effort, and one in which we should remember the parts played by such stout spirits as Norton and Smyth, Wyn Harris and Wager, Lambert and his Swiss confrères, and a host of others who have contributed to this epic on the roof of the world.

At this moment when the British people are possibly more concerned with land values than with any other social problem, by reason of their need for food in a hungry world, their need for housing and their need to restore on a proper basis the towns and cities battered by the Luftwaffe, there is much profit to be found in Robert Trow-Smith's searching analysis, SOCIETY AND THE LAND (Cresset Press. 18s.). The author examines the changing relationship between the people and the soil of Britain, beginning with the first Saxon settlements and ending with the place of farming in our mid-twentieth-century society. The survey is perhaps not as wide-ranging as it should be, and it would no doubt have been valuable to have heard the author's views on the development of expanding towns in the agricultural areas to meet the needs of the overcrowded city. The author's defence of British agriculture is, however, clear-cut, and he feels that a full reaction has now set in following the long period when Britain wooed the industrial gods almost exclusively

The latest wartime adventure book—and the flood grows—is Max Manus's UNDERWATER SABOTEUR (William Kimber. 15s.). This is the story of one of the first leaders of the Norwegian Resistance who, after training in England, parachuted into Norway to carry out a series of extraordinary missions against the German forces. He specialised in attacks against German ships, using home-made torpedoes. On one occasion he lived for three days under a wharf before sabotaging a big vessel with limpets.

James Dugan, in THE GREAT IRON SHIP (Hamish Hamilton. 16s.), tells the story of the *Great Eastern*. This pleasure palace and floating graveyard was apparently responsible for killing her designer, the drowning of her captain, the logging of four mutinies, the sinking of four ships and much else besides, which Mr. Dugan relates with gusto.

The latest of the Regional Books is Alan Bloom's THE FENS (Robert Gale. 18s.). This is up to the high standard of this fine series and some really excellent photographs adorn the text.

That doyen of art critics, Bernard Berenson, has produced two new works of great interest, SEEING AND KNOWING and CARAVAGGIO. Both are published by Chapman and Hall at 18s. They are essentially works for the art-lover, the former offering some profound reflections on the function of seeing and knowing in artistic creation, and the latter being an examination of the claim of Caravaggio to have been the initiator of baroque painting

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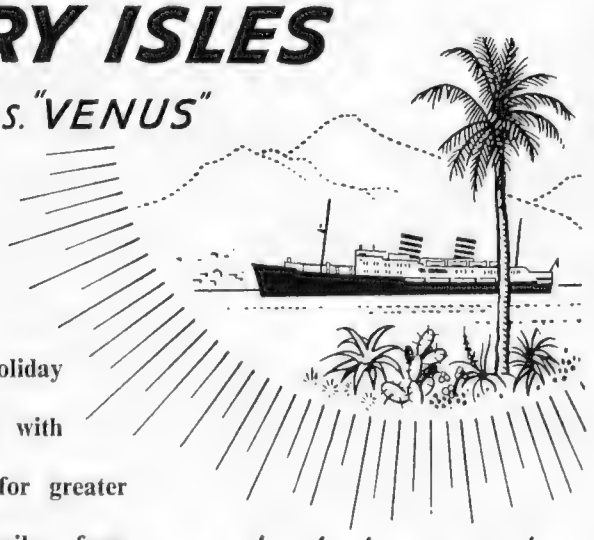

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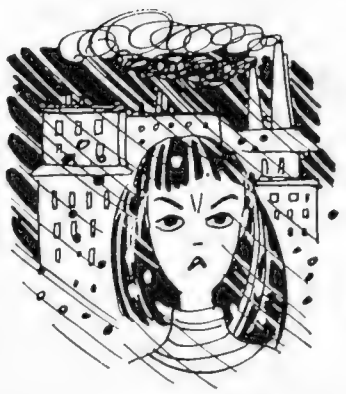

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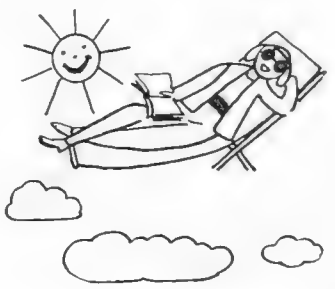

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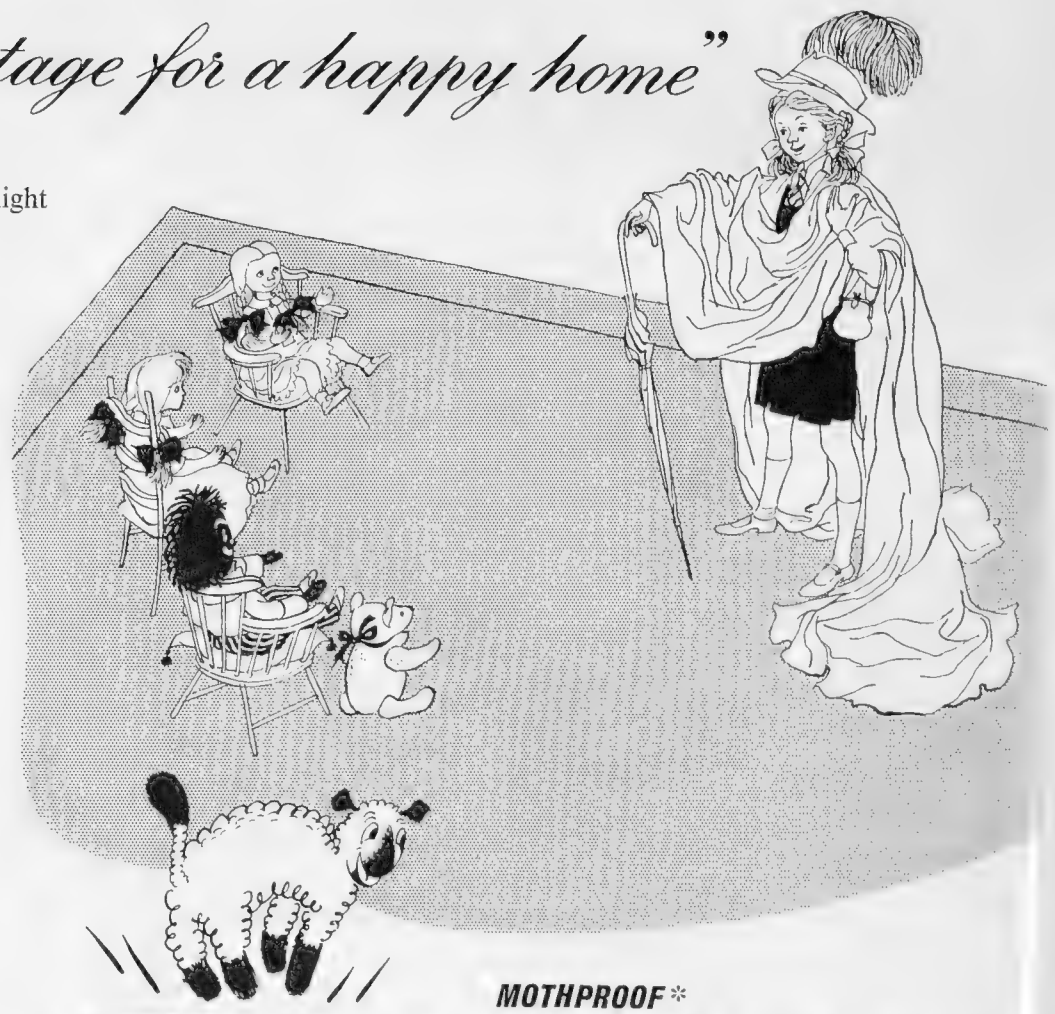

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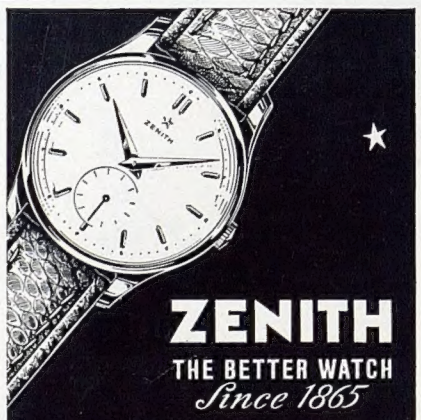

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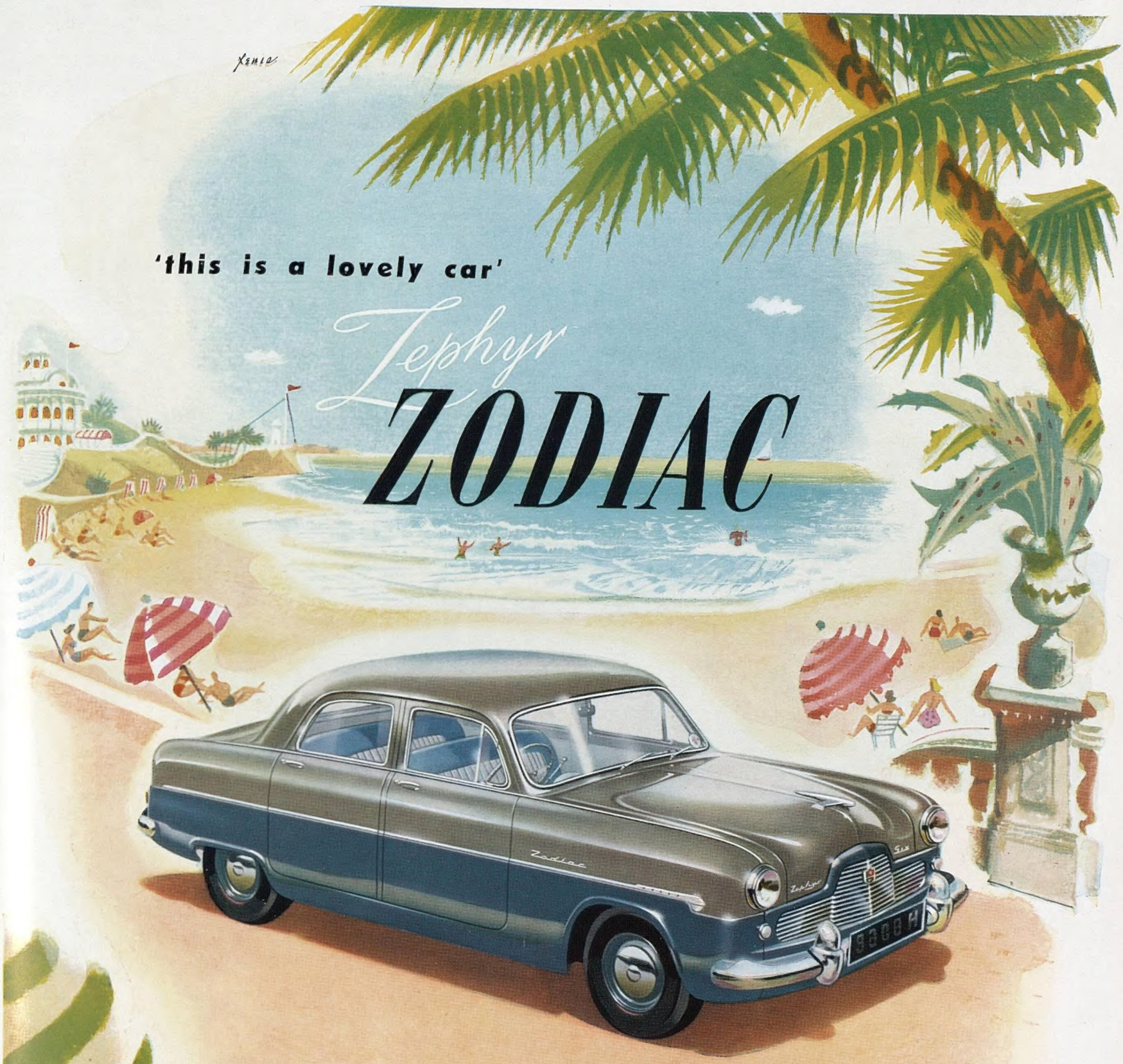

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Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1953. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.